The Saturday Review of Literature

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Peter Bowman, author of "Beach Red." (See page 9)

A Letter To A German Writer

By LEWIS MUMFORD

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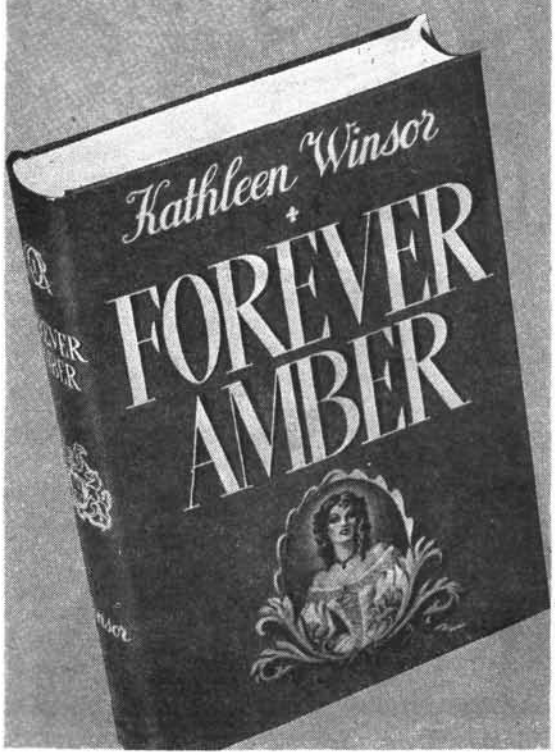

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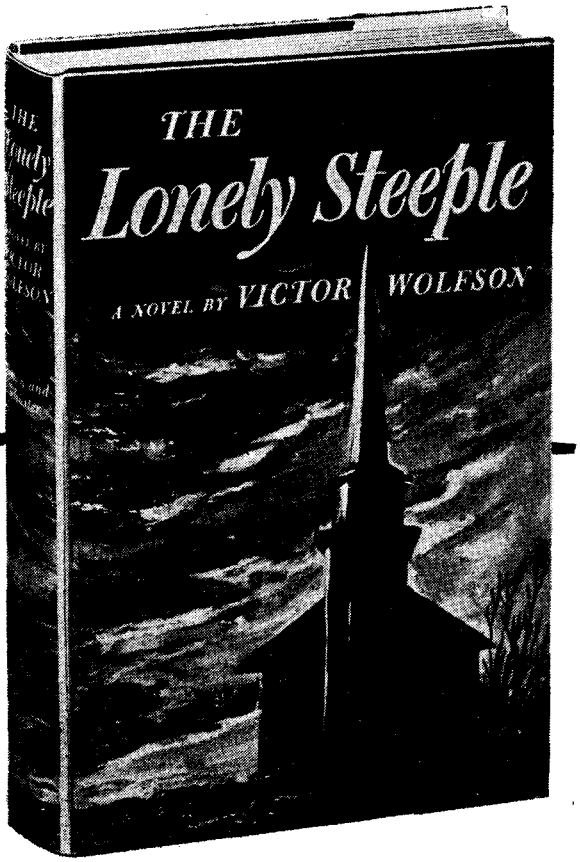

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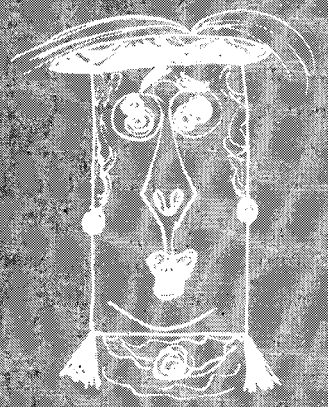

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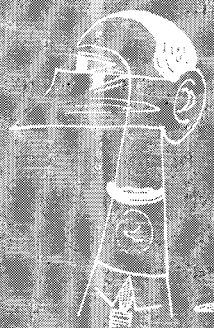

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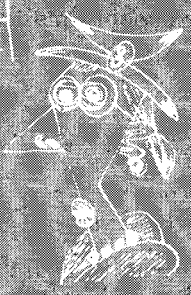

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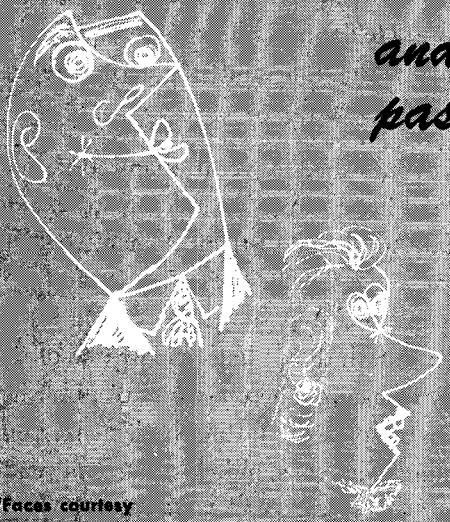

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On disliking one of our books

We were in a bookstore the other day and witnessed a scene that really gave us, as publishers, something to think about. A dialogue took place beside the desk of the lending library, and it went like this: How did you like it, Mr. Smith? (Naming a recent widely selling, well-reviewed book.) Mr. Smith replied that he hadn't finished it, he didn't like it, and he guessed he wasn't up to it Thereupon, almost at random, he plucked three mystery stories from the shelf, checked them out, and departed—not exactly furtively, but definitely with the air of a man who is going home to smoke opium in the attic closet.

The book in question was one of ours. We were pleased that the reviews, advertising, and promotion had led Mr. Smith to take it out of the library in the full expectation of finding the reading of it a rewarding experience. The thing that disturbs us is not that Mr. Smith was disappointed, although this is to be regretted, but that he obviously felt he had flunked some sort of an examination. The critics said the book was wonderful, the advertising pointed out in larger type that we and the critics agreed the book was wonderful. The book must be wonderful. But Mr. Smith did not like the book, therefore Mr. Smith found *himself* not wonderful.

It's hard to figure out where Mr. Smith got the idea that some sort of obligation existed for him to enjoy that particular book. The idea that he *ought* to like it, and that if he didn't there was something wrong with him. Maybe it was a carry-over from the days when he was being told (like so many of us) that he ought to read "better" books, or listen to "better" music, or look at "better" pictures. This got us started wondering what would happen if Mr. Smith should walk into our office and ask us just what we thought we were doing, compounding a state of mind like his.

We'd do the best we could, because Mr. Smith's attitude toward reading and books is importantly dangerous. We'd hate to get into this discussion, but there we'd be and we'd have to say something. Maybe it would go like this.

Reading a book causes a state of mind. If the state of mind can be termed good, then the book is good. At this point we'd borrow a definition from C. K. Ogden and say that a state of mind can be called good or valuable to the degree in which it tends to reduce waste and frustration. Often it amounts to what has been described as "an inward nod of approval or disapproval, a final sense of completeness and satisfaction". Mr. Smith would do well to read the books he likes to read. Mystery stories will be enormously satisfying to him if he exercises any care in their selection. If, for example, he gives the matter as much of his considered personal judgment as he expends in buying a tie.

The chances are that at this point he would bring up the matter of those better books he's been hearing about and what makes them better; that since it's fine for him to read mystery stories if he feels like it, why should he bother himself about "better" books if there are any better books, for him? This question would give us the feeling of being over the hump and on the downgrade. If Mr. Smith starts examining what he likes to read and decides he would like to get as far away as possible from a zero ceiling of waste and frustration while doing it, his efforts will make him demand more and more from the plot, characterization, and narration of the books or stories he chooses to read. And a curious result will be inevitable. He'll be reading better books all the time. And having fun too, and not caring about the uplift quality of his reading.

We've published a great many different kinds of books, and hope to continue doing so. We don't expect everybody to like all of them. When we publish a book it's because we like it, believe in it, and think enough other people will to permit us to stay in business. We're sorry Mr. Smith didn't like the last one of ours he read. Let him try again. There are lots of publishers and lots of books, but please, Mr. Smith, dispense yourself of the attic opium frame of mind. Just keep on reading.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

A Letter To A German Writer

LEWIS MUMFORD

FIVE or six years ago, dear Alfons, I heard you had come to the United States by way of Russia and Japan; I even heard rumors that with your reputation as a playwright you had settled down in Hollywood. Then I learned that the person who had informed me had somehow mixed you up with Carl Zuckmayer, who came over a year or two before and who hated Hollywood; so I should not be surprised if by now you have left Zürich and have already gone back to your chalet in the Zillertal, deep among the fir trees, with the milky glacier water boiling among the stones of the riverbed below.

I would not disturb your peace, dear Alfons, by reminding you how different the world actually is; your own writer's imagination must constantly conjure up terrible images that cannot be suppressed. But I fear that your refuge in the Zillertal may become for you another Magic Mountain, and you, who look so strong, may prove to be one of life's delicate children, unable to face the consequences of your own life and work, and therefore incapable of bringing about any transformation of either your own self or that of your countrymen. I have read two of those curious novels you wrote in Switzerland during the last dozen years; novels that were almost poems in prose, peopled with characters that might have been created by Wilhelm Busch and then transposed into Dresden china, so delicately colored and glazed were all the faces of your peasants, even the comic ones. You would have nothing to do with the new regime, you told me, the last time we met; you would never go back to Germany until all these Hanswursts were thrown on the manure pile; you rejected the overtures that the Chamber of Writers had made to you, as the foremost representative of the Blood and Soil tradition in German literature, indignantly repudiating all that the coördinated writers, headed by Hauptmann, that Hindenburg of German letters, now stood for.

Physically, you kept yourself apart. But the books that you wrote continued to circulate in Germany: one of them was even a best-seller there; and you lamented rather bitterly, in the last letter you wrote me, that any third-rate writer who was a refugee could get his books translated into English if he described for the twentieth time how he had made his escape, whilst you, who were a

creative spirit, no longer were sought by foreign publishers. "After all, the German public's taste has not been entirely debauched by the Austrian paperhanger," you wrote me; "so long as they continue to read books like mine there will be hope for my country. Let Hitler beware! Every book of mine that circulates in Germany is a Trojan horse."

Forgive me for deflating your boast, dear Alfons. But your books differed from the Trojan horse that the Greeks built: there were no armed men in the new kind of horse—it was empty! You were an asset to the Nazis, not a liability; in the humorously sentimental vein you cultivated, with your gothic woodcarvings and your Meissenware eroticism, you made it seem as if the Germany of Hitler were as innocent of evil purposes as, I was about to say, the Germany of Lessing, forgetting for the moment that the Germany of Lessing was also the Germany of Frederick the Great —that is, with a Prussia that spent ten times as much on its army, in proportion to its size and wealth, as any other state in Europe.

When I challenged your position at the time, you answered, sulkily, that you were a creative writer — *ein Dichter* — and not a politician. Have you lived to regret that attitude and those words; or have you gone back to the Zillertal so that you may nourish and fatten the illusions that have turned you, with all your fine capacities, into—forgive the candor of an old friend—such a trivial writer? Perhaps the concentration camp might have taught you the nature of your task as a writer. You could not find in your high mountain retreat the materials for leadership. That you could find only in the depths.

The time we met in Paris in 1932 we had many talks about art and about the mission of the writer and about the response of his audience: whether he wrote as a "pure" writer, or whether, when he wrote, he was also a citizen and a moralist. You held the view that art was autonomous; that it knew no other laws than those of its own nature and that it acknowledged no other responsibility than that of being true to itself, to have made the most, through the perfection of its technical means, of the materials that the artist shaped. A work of art, you said, is as innocent of morality as an isosceles triangle. You quoted Croce; you quoted Goethe. The artist, you said, is a non-political animal. Indeed, you laid your opposition to the Nazis to the fact that Hitler wrote and spoke such abominable German prose. That was only a facetious self-exaggeration of your general position.

At that time we agreed on many things; on the shallowness of the French surrealists and on the importance of intelligibility and communicability, on the over-inflated reputation of James Joyce and on the perfection of Rilke's lyrics. But we were divided about the political responsibilities of the artist; and you set down my views as puritanical and provincial. Today we are probably more divided than ever. I waited to

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hear from Germany the voice of a Milton, the voice of a Victor Hugo, the voice of a Whitman speaking to the German people with the tongue of an ancient prophet, indicting them in words more terrible to hear, more stern, more inexorable, than the words of their avowed enemies and conquerors. Yes: I waited for an "enemy of the people" to arise in Germany who would proclaim that truth and freedom, not lies and slavery, were the eternal Pillars of Society: for one who would dare to look into his own mirror and tell the Germans the truth he had already told himself: that the Germans had only one enemy—themselves. . . . And what an enemy!

Perhaps the saddest misfortune of Germany is that the German lacks the capacity for self-criticism. When Nietzsche had the courage to stand aside and comment upon your weaknesses, he was canny enough to pose as a Pole. But even he selected as his targets the bourgeois failings that you shared with the rest of western civilization; so that he never turned upon his own Germanic assumptions and his own Germanic idols. The worship of power, the cult of the supermen, the denial of mercy, peace, and pity, and the affirmation of brutality and hardness—what were all these Nietzschean slogans but adulation of the Prussian tradition: self-adulation of the most sentimental order; a self-adulation that reached its natural climax in the writings and speeches of Adolf Hitler? For all his boasted courage, Nietzsche never wrote such an indictment of specifically *German* weakness as the mild-mannered Arnold wrote of British weaknesses in "Culture and Anarchy." He failed, because he lacked perspective and intellectual distance, because he was incapable of being hard with himself: indeed because he accepted your traditional barbarism as a proof of your spiritual strength.

IS IT not strange that your philosophy and your literature, so rich in other respects, should be so impoverished in the literature of self-criticism? What have you to put alongside Milton's "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," alongside Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," alongside Thoreau's "Essay on Civil Disobedience," alongside Carlyle's "Past and Present"? Who among your men of letters indicted your social system, your historic tradition, as soberly and as unflinchingly as Walt Whitman, the prophet of democracy, indicted his own country in "Democratic Vista"? During the last century two writers stand out, among a bare handful one might name: Heinrich

Heine and Heinrich Mann. These men dared to challenge Germany. When they attacked they did not graze a few hairs: they aimed at the fatty tissue around the heart. I wonder if you recall that it was Heinrich Mann that you yourself used as a symbol of the impure artist, whose work was unpleasantly discolored by his democratic political opinions?

You had the advantage of me at this point. At the time I had not read Heinrich Mann; I somehow had even escaped "Der Untertan," though it had been translated into English shortly after the First World War under the title "The Patrioteer."

There are novels and plays that tell one more about the character of a nation than more systematic works. If one wants to know the essence of England, one must read Shaw's "Pygmalion"; it is a clue both to the oligarchical structure of English society and to its democratic foundations. If you want to know the heart of America, read Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street"; it is a caricature of our life and it treats of the small country town rather than the city; yet the caricature tells something important about the kind of community and the kinds of personality we have developed here: while he winces at the picture, every American recognizes its truth. You in Germany have such a modern novel: it is a piece of merciless criticism, coarse in its outlines, with few qualifying touches: certainly, dear Alfons, it is very plainly colored—I would not use your word dis-colored—by the writer's political opinions, his hatred of caste, servility, militarism, cold deceit, and brutality: his outrage at all the traits and habits that have made democracy impossible in Germany. But in "Der Untertan" Heinrich Mann touched precisely those aspects of your character as a people that are hardest for a foreigner to describe without seeming prejudiced: indeed, if a foreigner painted a similar portrait today you would accuse him of malignant Vansittartism. Obviously, it is hard for you to dissociate yourself from the crawling, materialistic, decadent Germany that Mann presented. It was easier to dissociate yourself from Mann, by saying that he was not a pure artist.

Yet if your countrymen had taken that novel seriously, that is, if they had been capable of Heinrich Mann's kind of self-criticism, their entire life after the defeat of 1918 might have taken a different course. If the rest of the world had understood its essential truth, they would have remained on guard, and would never have indulgently overlooked the rearming of Germany, which took place even under the Republic. For remember: the Germany Mann described was not Nazi Germany; it was the "good" and "enlightened" Germany of the eighteen-nineties, when German music, German philosophy, and German science were at the height of their reputation if not of their power. Yet Dietrich, the "hero" of the book, lacked only one qualification for being a Nazi: a brown shirt. *Everything else was already there.* Dietrich's cringing fear of his father is only equaled by his masochistic love of being beaten by him; as he grows up he becomes an informer, just as Hitler was in the days before the Beer Hall Putsch; and Dietrich's combination of sadism and sentiment prepares one's mind for equally revolting spectacles in our own day—the entrance to one of your extermination camps, *neatly gardened,* or the sign on the walls of one of your humane abattoirs, reminding attendants, in the interest of health, to keep their hands clean.

HERE is an answer to the question, so often discussed in Germany, *What is German?* Do you dare now to admit the terrible answer? *Dietrich* is German: what *Dietrich did* was German. The life Dietrich led in his student union needed only to be organized on a wholesale scale, covering the whole country, to become the life of storm troopers and SS men and the bureaucracy and the Wehrmacht. The brutality, the servile loyalty to the leader, his absolute devotion (in theory) to war, were all of the same order. In its plot, the book was prophetic. Anyone who read "Der Untertan" in 1918, when it came out, would have been fully prepared for what happened in 1933. He would have been prepared, provided he accepted Heinrich Mann's satire as the expression of an essential truth—admittedly not the whole truth or the best truth —about German society. You were not

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prepared, dear Alfons; you attributed to Heinrich Mann's political philosophy the discoloration that actually existed on the face of Germany. All that Hitler changed was to enable his followers to do openly, boastfully, shamelessly the same things that the Dietrichs of the Second Reich did slyly and underhandedly. Even there the change was not of a radical nature: for did not Dietrich beat up a Jewish classmate with the tacit approval of his teachers?

Your attitude has remained that of the non-political artist: in that respect, up to 1935, it kept closer to Heinrich Mann's more famous brother, Thomas. Perhaps indeed you were influenced by the book that Thomas Mann wrote in the midst of the First World War, "Reflections of a Non-Political Man." If so, you again had the advantage of me; for I had the American's tendency, immediately after the last war, to look upon that whole conflict as a disgraceful episode, accidental and meaningless, an interruption to the normal life of man; and I turned away from the all-too-revealing books your great writers and scholars had put forth during that period, hastening to forget them, so that I might the more easily forgive their nation.

This unwillingness to remember was a sign of the political callowness and the ethical superficiality of my generation: we actually showed more pity for the "unfortunate Germans" than we showed for the peoples whose lands you had invaded and sacked, whose cities you had destroyed, whose mines you had deliberately flooded and whose factories you had blown up, to lessen the number of your post-war competitors. But I have sought to atone for the folly of my generation by taking belated account of those writings, since I know that if we had followed up and completed the lesson we had only half-learned when we joined the fight against Germany, my own son, and tens of thousands like him, would not be lying in a soldier's grave on foreign soil.

Many of your countrymen who have found refuge in the United States and England, dear Alfons, talk about Germany as if it had been unaccountably captured by a gang of foreign bandits in 1933. They profess to have nothing in common with the National Socialists, and they have a way of saying: Help us to get rid of those foreign monsters, the Nazi dogs, and then return Germany to us! There was a touch of that plea in the last letter you wrote me in 1940. I wonder if you are ignorant—or if you are relying upon a foreigner's ignorance—of

(*Continued on page* 30)

This Is The Way War Is

BEACH RED. By Peter Bowman. New York: Random House. 1945. 122 *pp.* $2.50.

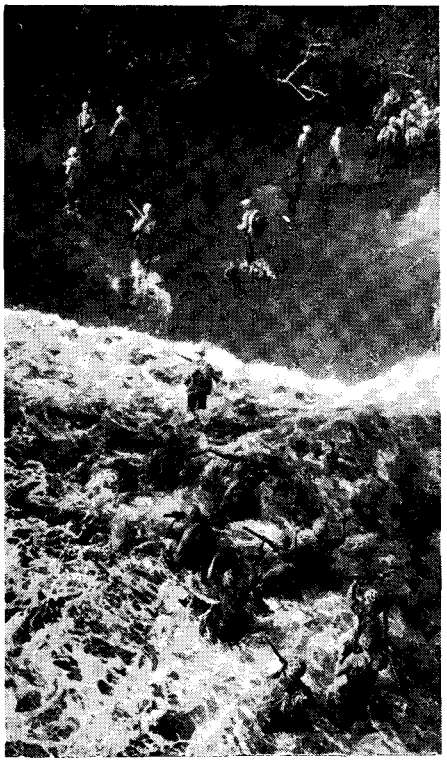
Reviewed by MERLE D. MILLER

PETER BOWMAN has written a rare and wonderful book, a novel which is simple and moving and, in its brief 122 pages, tells the story not only of a landing on a tiny, unnamed Pacific island but, indeed, of all war everywhere.

Before he joined the staff of *Air Force* magazine, Bowman was a corporal in the Army Engineers, and, again and again, he practised the amphibious landings that were so familiar a part of the island-hopping war in the Pacific. But he never made such a landing himself; he never saw the Japanese come out of their underground hideaways fighting for keeps.

There will be those who will condemn the novel for this reason, who will say that its author, never having heard a gun fired in anger, cannot, possibly, write understandingly of the fears and emotions of the men who have. Well, he has.

If we are to judge works of art on the same basis as journalism, then we will have to reject "War and Peace"; Tolstoy was never a soldier in Napoleon's Army, yet he wrote of soldiers knowingly and well; Stephen Crane did not shoulder a gun in the Civil War, but he produced "The Red Badge of Courage" (and, incidentally, can anyone name a novel about the Civil War written by a man who fought in it?), and, more recently, Harry Brown had never seen the mud-caked infantrymen at Anzio when he wrote "A Walk in the Sun."



"... the split-second precision necessary in an amphibious operation."

To this particular reader (and veteran of the Pacific war), it is unimportant whether Bowman, his gun at the ready, ever inched forward under shattered palm trees, not knowing which contained a sniper, fearing that every step might bring death. He has created the feel of men who have.

In form, "Beach Red" is an unusual novel. Although written as prose, it is printed as poetry, and its ten-word lines are arranged so that each represents a second, each 60-line chapter a minute. In all, it encompasses an hour in the life of a single soldier.

Time is important to the novel because it is important to war, because, as Bowman writes, "Time was inducted into the Army," because of the split-second precision necessary in an amphibious operation, when hundreds of watches on hundreds of wrists must be perfectly synchronized. To be sure, not all that happens in "Beach Red" could have taken place in sixty seconds; the chapters are so designated to give the reader the feel that the pressure of time places on the combat soldier. And it succeeds.

Not much happens during that hour. The central character, who is no hero at all but merely a soldier who has a job and does it, has no name; he is known simply as "you." He might be me; he might be anyone. There is the landing, a Beach Red, which is relatively undefended, and a second and larger landing, a Beach Blue, on the other side of the island, where there is more resistance. The troops move inland, cautiously, occasionally shooting at the always-hidden Japs. Then four men go on a patrol behind the Japanese lines; more than half the book deals with the comparatively incidental happenings on that patrol—incidental, that is, so far as the communiqués are concerned. None of the events in "Beach Red," beyond the fact of the landing, would have rated a single line in any newspaper.

What, then, is so exciting about this thin book, this novel printed in such a strange manner and with so little of what is usually thought of as plot?

Simply this. It succeeds, as no novel of the war just ended has yet succeeded, in getting inside the fighting man, in explaining what he thinks while he is facing what sometimes seems almost inevitable death. And it tells how men can endure the pain of

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it, and what war is to the men who fight it.

And there is much more in "Beach Red." There is a good deal of earthy, realistic soldier talk; there is something about the philosophy of battle, lines like "You want to be brave. You also want to be," or "Life's a luxury. You can't afford luxuries on Army pay," and, finally, there are some wise words about the stupidity of war, like "Battle doesn't determine who is right. Only who is left."

It may be that people are tired of hearing and reading about the war. That is understandable, but unfortunate. Millions of men who fought and won the war are now returning, wanting to tell their friends and families what it was like. Most of us are unable to do so. About the greatest tribute that can be paid to "Beach Red," or any other book for that matter, is to be able to place it in someone's hand and say, "It was like this." I plan to do exactly that.

Veterans Old Style and New

THE NEW VETERAN. By Charles G. Bolté. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1945. 212 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by CPL. JAY ADAMS

MY own favorite sentence in "The New Veteran" is one Charles Bolté wrote shortly after he went to England as a member of the British Royal Rifle Corps in 1941; the sentence was to be part of "A Speech To Be Made After The War," and it said of the whole generation of men who fought and won the war just ended: "We didn't expect to be disappointed because we didn't hope for much."

Last time it was different. My father tells me that during the First (and I hope Next-to-Last) World War, many soldiers actually thought that, when it was won, peace and good will would automatically descend on the earth, and he was personally certain that his son (I was born shortly before the Armistice) would never know the hell of Soissons.

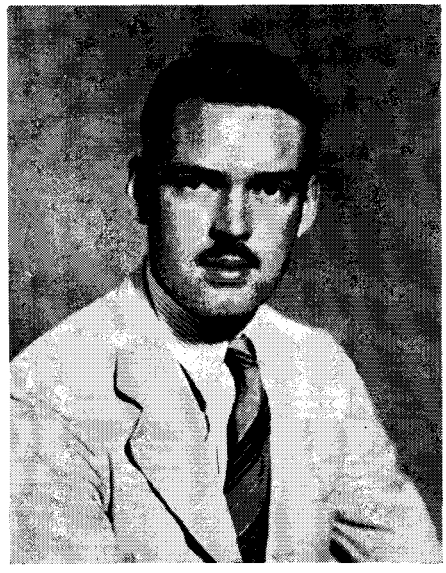
Well, this time he knew better. Like Bolté, many of us had signed the Oxford Pledge and were at one time violent isolationists. After all, hadn't we read Walter Millis's "The Road to War," hadn't we studied "Merchants of Death," and didn't we know that we had been duped into intervention in 1917 by Morgan's millions and British propaganda? And weren't we moved when Ernest Hemingway, Dos Passos, and all our other literary gods told us that war was only meaningless mass murder?

But, again like the author of "The New Veteran," we discovered that if we were to survive, we had to fight, and we enlisted or were drafted and went off to battle—even if it was only in the Pentagon Building in Washington or the Majestic Hotel in Paris. We were sure, though, that we were only winning the chance of building a brave new world in our own way by fighting the war. "We didn't hope for much."

What we shall do with our victory this time is still anybody's guess. Bolté quotes T. E. Lawrence as of 1920, "When we had achieved (victory), and the new world dawned, the old men came out again and took from us our victory and remade it in the likeness of the former world they knew."

Perhaps the same thing will happen again. And even if the old men let us go our own way, we may make a mess of the peace ourselves. In Europe just now, most soldiers seem to be learning to hate their friends (the French, the Belgians, the Russians) and love their former enemies (the Germans). There is a deep-seated anti-labor bias among many veterans, and an ugly, hopeless cynicism.

But we may be able to take the first steps toward building that better world and permanent peace. Charles Bolté thinks so, and his arguments, to this veteran at least, make great and good sense, perhaps because Bolté is a veteran himself, one who lost a leg at El Alamein, and one who is doing something more than sitting around proclaiming himself a member of another lost generation.



Charles G. Bolté is not "proclaiming himself a member of another lost generation."

In the first place, the subtitle of Bolté's book shows that he realizes one fundamental fact about veterans, without which no program at all will make sense. The subtitle is "Citizens First, Veterans Second," by which he means that, for example, talk about veterans' benefits is meaningless without consideration of the whole national economy. There cannot be full employment in America for veterans alone; there must be full employment for everyone. Unless there is, this country will be divided into two hostile factions which, by battling each other, will end the thing for which the war was fought.

There is a good chance that such arguments are too logical, that the veterans of this war will be attracted by a more selfish appeal. War does not ennoble anyone. Men like the Detroit rabble-rouser, Gerald L. K. Smith, and the former Yorkville Fascist, Joe McWilliams, are counting on that; they have already launched veterans organizations on a hate-everybody basis. And the older, more settled veteran groups, like the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, are enlisting the men of this war by the thousands, principally on a record of past accomplishments and the promise of future benefits.

Bolté is head of a new organization with a still-small membership, the American Veterans Committee. Its program is aimed at those who want something more than an excuse for an annual spree, high-sounding resolutions endorsing "100 percent Americanism," and high-priced lobbyists in Washington. Its statement of intentions demands jobs, social security, and a workable world organization in which the United States is an active participant. And it recognizes that "to guarantee our interests, which are those of our country, we must work for what we want." Bolté is no salesman; he does not glibly defend the A.V.C.; he simply explains how and why it was formed and the reason he became its national chairman.

This particular veteran long ago decided that he would have no part of veterans' groups, perhaps because at least twice he was nearly ousted from college when the American Legion was alarmed over his speeches and editorials defending the Spanish Loyalists (in those dear, dead days when to take such a position was nearly a capital crime).

But I have changed my mind. The A.V.C. may be able to build a meaningful national strength; some of its goals may be accomplished, and, anyway, its members don't hope for too much.

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Another Report on the Russians

I SAW THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE. By Ella Winter. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1945. 299 pp. $3.
Reviewed by LILLIAN T. MOWRER

ELLA WINTER'S chatty little book, "I Saw the Russian People," makes an interesting companion piece to W. L. White's "Report on the Russians." Both writers covered much of the same territory, visited the same factories, schools, clinics, and farms. But whereas Mr. White believes that human beings, to be happy must, like Americans, at all times be free to say and do just what they please, Mrs. Winter realizes that there is a vast collective satisfaction in building a brave new existence—from scratch—even if this involves certain curtailments of individual liberties.

No one who knows Russia could quarrel with any of Mr. White's facts, but somehow they do not add up to the whole picture, for he overlooks, indeed is slightly contemptuous of, the Russians' delight in heroic achievement. Mrs. Winter, returning to Soviet Russia for a third long visit, notes many of the defects that so disturbed Mr. White, but over and above this understands and appreciates the indomitable spirit which sustains these people through their grim existence, and from which they draw a feeling of exaltation if not personal happiness.

True, the Russian living standard is lower than that of any capitalist country, even the poorest. Everyday objects, when they can be found at all, are fantastically dear—a pair of shoes the equivalent of two months' wages. Russians are acutely sensitive about this failure of their system so far to provide an ample material existence, and all mention of prices is strictly censored. But they console themselves with the thought that things are getting steadily better and that soon, very soon, they hope, they too will be able to produce everything for everybody. When customer commodities replace war material even the fabulous luxuries of a five-and-ten cent store may one day be theirs. In the meantime they point with pride to various advantages workers enjoy—free medical care and schooling, paid holidays, pensions—great innovations as far as they are concerned. And to alleviate immediate hardship each factory, profession, institution, maintains a "closed shop" reserved for its personnel where rationed goods can be bought at about a twentieth of the cost in commercial stores.

Ella Winter paints a vivid picture of the terrible devatation war wrought in Russia. Nearly everything the people had sacrified to build under the strenuous Five-Year-Plans was destroyed, and the smashed powerplants, dams, bridges rendered cities almost uninhabitable. During the siege of Leningrad alone, a million starved to death. Every man, woman, and child was mobilized for the defense of this "Venice of the North"—trench digging, barricading, fetching water by bucket from the Neva. A beauty-parlor operator turned air-raid warden recounts how the whole population went out into the streets each springtime with home-made sleds and children's toboggans to collect the corpses, debris, and garbage frozen stiff in the bitter winter months, and how when the ice finally broke they dragged their terrible load to the

river and watched it float away. Yet while heavy German siege guns were still lobbing shells into the city, the authorities inaugurated a great exhibition to commemorate Leningrad's defense. Painters, scientists, workmen labored four months at this dramatization of epic resistance, and in April 1944, even before the three-year siege was lifted, the exhibit opened for all citizens to behold and take fresh courage from the spectacle of their own valor. Impressive as it was, the most revealing detail for me was the Director's report from the Traumatological Institute, where during the darkest days specialists studied the scientific effect of hunger on the human system. "We shall be adding to the world's knowledge . . . " he claimed. Incidentally, the psychiatric wards were practically empty for there were almost no cases of war-neuroses: everyone was too busy fighting.

Care of orphans and delinquent and defective children was another tremendous job tackled during hostilities. Nazi savagery fell with shattering effect upon the young, and millions emerged from the nightmare of war fatherless, motherless, and homeless. For these pallid little old men and women who crept out of cellars and dug-outs in Stalingrad, Kharkov, Orel—the memory of nameless horrors still fresh before them—doctors first prescribed medical treatment to repair years of fear and undernourishment. But they knew that kindness, love, and as much individual attention as possible was what these children most needed. So family adoptions have been widely encouraged, and the author was able to visit many of the homes where foster mothers were trying to create an atmosphere of security and slowly eliminate the terrible past.

Juvenile delinquency never reached the dimensions of the *bezprizorni*, those hoodlum gangs of the last war, but children have been neglected in Russia as elsewhere and are frequently hauled before juvenile courts, chiefly for stealing. When asked about sex delinquency in young girls, the judge was quite horrified at the idea. What strange person could even imagine it?

Mrs. Winter adds some gruesome details about the German death camp she visited at Klooga (no Russian can say he doesn't believe atrocity stories), and witnessed some breath-taking experiments in surgery where the "clinically" dead were restored to life. She talked with women air-squadron commanders, tankists, snipers, bombardiers; women who commanded ships, drove locomotives, ran factories, laid bricks; who wove, welded, harvested, and were members of the Supreme Soviet. Every woman in Russia was mobilized; they never ceased working though some asked wistfully if it were true that all American women have a refrigerator and vacuum cleaner.

These glimpses of everyday life, the author hopes, will dispel some of the misinformation which exists concerning the Soviet people. And in her preface Mrs. Winter quotes General Eisenhower's Paris statement that he had found the individual Russian one of the friendliest persons he had ever met, with whom we can coöperate perfectly. "Peace," he added, "lies with all the peoples of the world."

If such were the case, this little book would be convincing proof that these people, whose whole life is one long education towards conscientious citizenship, would certainly do more than their part.

Soviet foreign policy, however is made exclusively in the Kremlin. And that, as we Russians say, is quite another pair of horses.

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The Atomic Age

WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

OF all the practical concerns of the world today, the organization of a just and durable peace is the most practical, because it is the most necessary. All other practical matters are far down on the agenda, except as they contribute to a peaceful world. The thing that pushed them down was The Bomb.

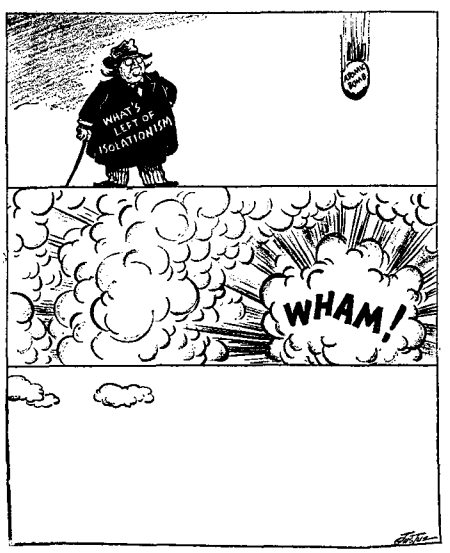
What are the basic things we know about The Bomb? The Bomb is an instrument of incredible and sudden destructiveness. There is no military defense against The Bomb. The hope that for every measure of offense there is a measure of defense of a military character is sheer wishful thinking. It never has been true; it is not true now. There is no secret of The Bomb that we can lock up in perpetuity. Let us be honest with ourselves—we have no long-term monopoly of The Bomb. All we have is a little time. So we are forced to the conclusion that the only defense against The Bomb is political and moral, and the only solution to the problem of The Bomb is a just and durable peace.

What are we to do about peace? There has been much confusion and needless controversy because we have not distinguished among several programs, each one of which is good. As I see it, in very general terms, we must embark simultaneously on three programs: A, B, and C; A, a long-term program; B, an intermediate program; and C, a short-term program. These three programs must be mutually consistent and they must support one another. They must begin at the same time, which is *now*, even though their terminal points are long, intermediate, and short in time. We need a three-way, triple-decker policy—long, intermediate, and short. The long-term program would be directed toward the establishment of world government, the intermediate program toward the support of the United Nations Organization, the short-term program toward the use of diplomacy, public and private, for the reduction of international tensions.

The over-all objective of all three programs is to secure world peace, decisively and permanently. No lesser objective is worth bothering with because the time at hand is far too short. Efforts that are only feebly good are not good enough.

Let me set forth the objectives of each of these three programs. First, Program A, the long-term program: I am optimistic enough to think that, with success in the intermediate and short-term period, we have a margin of twenty years in which to work. The long-term program, the twenty-year program, is the establishment of world government under principles of law, justice, and human freedom. Such a world government cannot be imposed by force. It cannot be successfully negotiated today by the statesmen of the nations of the earth. The plain fact is that world government requires as a foundation a moral and psychological sense of world community, and that foundation does not presently exist. To impose or to negotiate a world government under existing conditions of prejudice and hate would do nothing more than set the stage for world civil war. The minds and hearts of men are not yet prepared for a world of law, justice, and mercy.

We in the United States are not prepared. Too many men despise women. Too many women despise their servants. Too many white men despise black men. Too many Christians despise Jews. This lack of sympathy and respect extends not only across group lines, but also operates within the groups themselves. The moral and psychological basis for world peace does not yet exist even at home. We need not be perfectionists, but we must realize that there must be a profound change in human attitudes if we are to succeed in establishing a just and durable peace. We can no longer afford the luxury of private indulgence in hatred, prejudice, and contempt for other human beings. Does the preparation of the necessary moral and psychological basis for world peace seem impossible? Then world peace itself is impossible.



—Justus in the *Minneapolis Star-Journal*

Vaporizing effect of the atomic bomb

I FEEL that with twenty years to spare, the moral and psychological foundation for world peace can be laid. The hope is not that hundreds of years of history, tradition, and custom will automatically and suddenly change their direction. The hope lies in the fact that it takes only a period of about a dozen years to implant a basic culture in the mind of man—the period between the age of two and the age of fourteen. In a psycho-biological sense, history, tradition, and custom are only about twelve years old. And of course we all know that with more or less difficulty, changes can be made in the human mind even after the twelve formative years have passed.

We can learn a lesson from The Bomb. The history of The Bomb is a dramatic story of what science, engineering, organization, and money can do when they are harnessed to a purpose. The real question is, do we want peace as much as we wanted a Bomb? Do we want world government or do we want world anarchy?

So much for the long-term program. Program B, the intermediate program, should be pointed at a period of some three to eight years off, perhaps a little longer. For the intermediate program the objective is clear and the method is at hand. The objective is to create through the United Nations Organization the symbolism of world association and the practice of world coöperation. The United Nations Organization is made to order for such practice in world relationships. Anything that today can be done at all can be done through the U.N.O. At the same time, the U.N.O. does not compel things to be done for which we are as yet not prepared. The danger is that the easy protocol of the United Nations Organization will lull the world to sleep. The absence of critical compulsions in the Charter must arouse us to a sense of moral responsibility to go beyond the form and into the substance of world coöperation.

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Confidence in the usefulness of the United Nations Organization has unfortunately been disturbed in recent years by some who were disappointed in their hopes that world government in much stronger form would be drawn up in San Francisco. Because they did not get what they wanted, they are impatient with what we now do have. The United Nations Organization is a great gain. It is the open way to world government.

Now let us turn to Program C, the short-term program. The short-term program is to strive through the channels of diplomacy, and other day-by-day international contacts, to remove or at least to lessen the tensions that exist in so many parts of the world. Some of these tensions are perhaps less serious than the headlines would cause us to believe; but they are bad enough. Other tensions are no less serious, although they are not reported in the press at all.

In lessening these tensions, we do not need to adopt a policy of appeasement in order to be patient, conciliatory, and understanding. We do not need to be intransigent and vain in order to be firm and imaginative in attaining proper and clearly stated objectives.

This is a responsibility not of the future but of the immediate and urgent present.

If we can but guide the world onto the path of agreement instead of disagreement on major issues confronting the nations of the world, we will have set the stage for the success not only of the United Nations but of an eventual world government that can cement a solid foundation for permanent peace.

One of the present sources of international tension is atomic energy itself. We and others must move promptly to a first solution that will satisfy the conscience of the world. We may be sure that the first solution will not be the final solution, and that policy here as elsewhere will reflect progressively expectations of success in the intermediate and long-term programs.

A successful short-term program is indispensable if we are to have the political climate in which the intermediate and long-term programs can at the same time thrive and become strong. A clear understanding of the intermediate and long-term objectives will aid us and others in making the short-term program succeed.

However, we must not base all our plans on the success of the short-term program. If, after eighteen months or two years, the tensions in international relations increase, the time will have come for active measures of defensive relocation and reorganization. The timetable is set by the existence of The Bomb. If, after two years, diplomacy, public and private, and the ordinary contacts of people across frontiers have failed to prevent a deterioration of world relations, then those nations that can unite should do so, leaving the way open for broader federation later on. But our eyes must be open to the fact that the failure of public and private diplomacy in the short-run program would create an unwelcome and dangerous possibility, namely, that the world might be divided rather than united, and that soon rather than late.

It is, therefore, imperative that the short-term program should succeed, and that we should gain the time we need, first, for a variety of experience with world association through the United Nations Organization, and, second, for the preparation of the necessary psychological and moral foundations for world government.

The promotion and correlation of this three-way, triple-decker program can hardly occur, even though there be a widespread desire for it by individuals, agencies, and associations, as long as they work apart from one another. Something new is needed, something that will give the chance for voluntary coördination of effort. There are no doubt a number of ways whereby this could be done. We need a set-up that might be perhaps a combination of the kind of thing done by the C.E.D. and the O.S.S.—research, education, and action—an organization working in the open and making more fruitful the independent activities of private business, of religious, educational, and cultural societies, of governmental agencies, and of individuals, too—all of whom in their own way desire to make their appropriate contribution to the achievement of permanent peace. Whatever method is adopted, the one criterion that we must hold to is this: that the means devised be equal to the task, that a reasonable expectation be provided that permanent peace will in fact be won. To attain this end, the measures adopted must be decisive. A partial success would only be total failure, at least a failure for our times and our way of life.

The broad objectives of peaceful living cannot be accomplished solely by diplomatic contacts.

We must start behaving as though we intended to live together in a world organized for peace. Cultural, commercial, and industrial isolation must be ended as rapidly as possible. Our universities, churches, public organizations, industries, and labor unions must be encouraged to resume contacts with similar organizations abroad. There is a new priority running in favor of joint reconstruction at all levels of private activity.

BEARDSLEY RUML

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

DRAMATIC DOORWAYS

Doorways are prominently featured in the ten stories in this week's quiz, suggested by Theresa Robbins, of Boston. Can you name the title and author of each story? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 36.

1. Imitating the leader of a band of robbers, a poor Persian woodcutter causes the rock entrance of a cave to open by saying in a loud voice, "Open, sesame!"
2. A wife swears on a crucifix to her husband that she has no lover hidden in the clothes closet, so he calls in a mason and has the doorway bricked up.
3. In order to get through a doorway fifteen inches high and into a garden, a little girl eats some cakes that cause her to shrink rapidly.
4. A celebrated sleuth fails to solve the curious problem of a Mr. James Phillimore, who, stepping back into his own house to get his umbrella, was never seen in this world.
5. When a sidewalk distributor of dental advertising cards on two occasions hands a young man a card on which is written "The Green Door," he determines to investigate, like a true adventurer.
6. The apparent re-location of a door in a hotel bedroom proves to be a clue leading to the solution of a series of murders.
7. Seeking shelter from the rain in a downtown doorway while waiting for his wife, a frustrated lawyer is snatched through the door into an amazingly unconventional department store.
8. A cavalier, seeking refuge from hostile men-at-arms, leans against a door at the end of a cul de sac; it opens, and shuts again, locking him inside.
9. A semi-barbaric princess gives the signal to open the door behind which either a beautiful bride or a ferocious tiger awaits her lover.
10. A cabinet minister, seeking to renew the childhood experience of going through a green door in a white fence into an enchanted garden, falls to his death through a doorway in a fence surrounding an excavation.

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BEYOND PEARL HARBOR

HISTORIANS looking back at our times may find it difficult to decide which was more disgraceful—the negligence at Pearl Harbor or the conduct of the Congressional committee currently investigating the disaster.

No one has questioned the need for a thorough examination of all the facts relating to the surprise attack of December 7, 1941. Why were the Japanese able to catch us off guard? Where were our scouting planes? Were our warships unnecessarily exposed? How did a Japanese submarine manage to slip through our harbor nets? What specific measures were taken to guard against attack after the military commanders were alerted by Washington? Was there any evidence of sabotage, collusion, or fifth-column activity?

These were the pertinent questions, the questions which had to be answered not only by way of fixing responsibility, but by way of putting us on guard against a similar catastrophe in the future. But these are not the primary questions being asked or considered by the Congressional investigation committee. Instead, the hearings have taken on some of the trappings of a political vendetta highly charged with vindictiveness. The attempt is being made, not to fix the guilt for military negligence at Pearl Harbor, but to blacken some names and to refurbish others—so much so that a sizable group of Republican Congressmen have asked the American people to dissociate their names from whatever has happened or might happen at the hearings. And from the questions being asked, it might almost appear that guilt is being measured by preparedness rather than by unpreparedness, by foresight rather than blindness, by courage rather than cowardice. It appears, too, that some Congressmen still persist in believing that you stay out of war just by deciding that you don't want to get into it, that Pearl Harbor was something that could be "provoked" because of faulty diplomacy, and not merely the incidental and initial expression of long-range, deep-rooted Axis objectives.

What is being tried, apparently, is the determination of America's leaders to safeguard the lives of the American people. In Germany, the Nazi leaders are on trial for the biggest crime in all history—World War II—, but the average American reading his newspaper might guess that the war guilt trials were actually being held in Washington, and that the criminals were the late President Roosevelt and former Secretary of State Hull. Every piece of testimony indicating a strong stand against Japan is seemingly regarded as incriminating evidence; some members of the committee have given the impression that evidence of submissiveness to Japan or indifference to Axis objectives could actually be a point in a witness's favor.

Could anything be less worthy of Congress or the American people than the apparent attempt to indict a dead President—not because he failed to recognize a towering danger to the country, but because he rose to meet the danger; not because he was behind the times, but because he was far ahead of the times and Congress both; not because he was wrong, but because he was right? Could anything be more debasing than the spectacle of a Congressional committee making it necessary for an ill and aged former Secretary of State to defend this country's refusal to become either a victim or a party to Axis plans? It was almost as though Mr. Hull was expected to apologize for helping to save the nation. The irony mounts when we learn that documents being presented at Nuremberg prove that German-Japanese plans against the United States go back ten years and more.

If the Congressional committee really intends to be less concerned with the military responsibility at Pearl Harbor than it is with the broad question of America's relationship to the war before December 7, 1941, let it proceed to a valid area of inquiry. Let it ask why it was that in the years 1933 to 1941, with the mounting and finally overwhelming evidence of Axis plans against the rest of the world, so many of us persisted in believing that we could remain untouched. Let it ask why the President of the United States was attacked and denounced in Congress and in the press at every turn because he tried to take concrete steps to avert or combat the danger. Let it ask why so many Congressmen voted against Lend-Lease, against the fortification of Guam, and against repeal of the Neutrality Act (which not only neutralized our position toward a potential assailant but legalized our indifference toward the welfare of the United States). Let it ask why Selective Service was saved in Congress by only a single vote. Let it ask, finally, when we are going to learn that there is no room for partisan political maneuvering or advantage in questions of foreign policy.

If the Pearl Harbor committee persists in going beyond the purely military aspects of the disaster, we respectfully suggest that American historians be called in as witnesses. Unless the December 7, 1941, episode it placed in its long-range historical perspective, the real lesson of Pearl Harbor will have been overlooked. That lesson, fundamentally, is that American security is inseparable from world security.

N. C.

Quandary

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

I CAN'T decide which course is best . . .
To pass these nights of long unrest
In crying for the object of
My wholly unrequited love;
Or in a program meant to grind
An edge on my allegèd mind
By placing it in painful friction
With the classics, non- and fiction.
To moan the midnights through? . . . or pant
And strain through Dickens, Proust, and Kant?
Which course is best? I have my choice
Of misery from love or Joyce.
To bore myself to death, or weep?
In any case, I cannot sleep!

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Taffy and the Welsh Minority

SIR: Though Miss Davis's editorial on children's books entitled "One Nation" [*SRL* November 10] was both charming and intelligent, I could not help but be reminded of that famous picture of an ostrich who, seeing four other ostriches with their heads buried in the sand, remarks obliquely, "What, nobody here?"

Certainly we in America are fortunate. And certainly many of our children are fortunate—although I would not be all-inclusive. There are still thousands of our children—or perhaps millions would be closer to the truth—who grow up in slums, who know venereal disease before they reach their teens, who suffer from pellagra and hookworm. But many of our children are more fortunate than, for example, French children or British children. Yet this good fortune has not inoculated them against the virus of race hatred. If anything, race hatred in America today is more malignant and more on the increase than ever before in our history.

Miss Davis cannot change that fact by benignly stating that everything is as it should be in the world of children's books. It is not books alone that are responsible for the viciously chauvinistic attitudes that are implanted in so many of our children at so early an age, but certainly books play a generous part.

How can Miss Davis ignore the fact that upon the American Anglo-Saxon race myth almost all of our prejudices have been based? How can she smile at the rhyme:

> Taffy was a Welshman,
> Taffy was a thief?

Could anything be more completely vicious than this specific rhyme? It is not a problem here, for we have no Welsh minority. But ask a Welshman in the British Isles what he thinks of it. And "Little Black Sambo" has contributed mightily to a genteel sort of Jim Crowism. In fact it has been singled out as such by social surveys.

Doesn't Miss Davis realize that we have *already* made our children unhealthily aware of racial differences and of class superiority by feeding them, over and over, this idealization of the Anglo-Saxon legend, and all that it implies? No one doubts that it is good for children to read books and folk tales from every country on earth. But though children are fascinated by these pictures of other lands, they remain outside the children's experience. The child's experience is America; that is the land in which, by and large, he will grow to maturity and spend his life—and that, too, is the most polyglot land in all the world.

I think it is a fine thing that writers are consciously trying to make children proud of the fact that America is a land of all people. There's no virtue in thoughtless writing—and thoughtful writing will never produce what Miss Davis calls "over-maternal anxiety."

Our children, unhappily, are already race conscious. It's frightening to contemplate how race conscious they are and how many generations of subtle yet vicious propaganda have gone into the building of that race consciousness. I think our duty today is to turn that race consciousness into a real understanding of the fact that this is a land where people of all races must live together and work together in coöperation and in peace—and without contempt for skin color or religious practice.

HOWARD FAST

New York, N.Y.

"I think it's a shame the way they've commercialized you."

"The Manatee" and Other Things

SIR: It was with great pleasure and satisfaction that I read [*SRL* Nov. 17], the delightfully savage review of "The Manatee," that latest specimen dedicated to the proposition that beauty is the most essential requirement for successful authorship. I also enjoyed the sidelights in Trade Winds on the promotion of this current turkey. This sort of thing is beginning to create the rather unpleasant impression that we are being invited to spend a vicarious night out with these luscious lady novelists by reading their sexy books, behaving like hill billies poring over the female underwear section of the mailorder catalogues. I cannot help remembering that one of those society offenders on KoKo's little list, who never would be missed, is "that singular anomaly, the lady novelist." Possibly this sort of ballyhoo would be diminished somewhat if authors' photographs were omitted from advertising and reviews—after all, what have a lady's looks to do with her writing ability? If she's beautiful, she shouldn't give a damn whether or not her book is any good, and if she's homely, it is much kinder not to reveal her shortcomings to the wide world.

As for this whole sorry business of book promotion, isn't it about time someone did an impartial study of the book clubs? I venture to say that in a list of twenty-five or fifty books published during the last several years, selected by any criterion you wish—indispensable to the understanding of our times, worth reading twice, or whatever, and by any group of judges, librarians, reviewers, or even English professors—the book club selections would not be more than twenty-five percent of the list. Perhaps that is too generous. At any rate, if we, like lost sheep are gone astray, our defection is partly the fault of our self-appointed shepherds, and they need a good prodding now and then. Those of us who are remote from good bookstores are more dependent than we care to admit on these literary Little Boys Blue, who, even when awake, too often blow sour notes on their horns.

JOEL W. HEDGPETH

Rockport, Texas

The Plea Is Guilty

SIR: I was profoundly shocked to find in the Literary I. Q. in your issue of November 17 that Mr. Howard Collins says that the line "Their heads are green and their hands are blue and they went to sea in a sieve" comes from Edward Lear's "The Owl and the Pussy Cat." The lines referred to come from "The Jumblies" and are afterward repeated as a song in "The Dong with the Luminous Nose." Since the Literary I. Q. is the first thing I read in your magazine, I hope that I shall not have to reprimand you again.

LAURENCE MCKINNEY

Albany, N.Y.

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TRADE Winds

IN CHICAGO FOR an abbreviated visit to the Curtis Publishing Company convention and the official launching of the first Bantam quarter book list, I had an apportunity to see the plant of the Hall Printing Company, so huge that they need regular signal lights to regulate the traffic between the lanes of rotary presses and binding machines. Thousands of paper-bound books, mail-order catalogues, comics, and *Coronets* were rolling through the presses while we watched. The areas in which the catalogues are printed are guarded like the atom bomb plant itself. It seems that some of the mail-order people are not above dispatching operatives to ferret out one another's prices on highly competitive items and then shaving their own profit margins accordingly. . . . The Curtis meetings were held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, which is reminiscent of the Traymore in Atlantic City, but about four times as big, and can hold several conventions simultaneously without bulging at the seams. . . . At Rose Oller's desk in Field's I met Manny Siwek, about to be married, and then off on a dream assignment: a two-year trip to every corner of the world to assay foreign markets for Doubleday. Also present was Arthur Bergholz, who becomes right-hand bower (or Bowker) to Mildred Smith at *Publishers' Weekly* on January first. Couldn't happen to a nicer guy! . . . Chicago will have additional Spectorskys and Babcocks, come April. . . . Adolph Kroch has his son and daughter back from the services, not to mention an impeccable copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare, which he will part with for about sixty-five thousand dollars. . . .

The swank Pump Room and Henri's are jammed to the doors, but the best meal in town is still a steak at Ray's, the newsmen's hangout on Illinois Street. . . . Best laugh of the week was a characteristic editorial in the *Chicago Tribune*, aimed at Robert St. John, who seemingly had had the temerity to take a few pot-shots at Colonel McCormick's quaint idea of "The World's Greatest Newspaper." "We would not be giving this pip-squeak attention were it not that he is a symptom of the sad state," it said in part, "into which the radio industry and so-called radio journalism have sunk in this country. The Blue network, organized only three years ago, destroyed its reputation so completely by spreading for profit the Communist propaganda of William Gailmor, the calumnies of Drew Pearson, and Walter Winchell's venom and incitement of race hatred, that the chain now has had to adopt an alias. It announced a few months ago that it would no longer call itself the Blue network, but would be known hereafter as the American Broadcasting Company. The National Broadcasting Company, either wilfully or because it is being blackmailed by fellow travelers in the Federal Communication Commission, now seems to be following the same path. It caters to Communists and has almost as disreputable a list of speakers as the discredited Blue network." To hear the NBC accused of catering to Communists was worth the trip to Chicago alone! . . . I also got brief glimpses of David Appel assembling his stupendous Christmas book section, Fanny Butcher dining Arthur Meeker at the Arts Club, and Clare Jaynes working on her (or their?) new novel. . . . On the Century coming home, a lady in the diner loved one line in a digest magazine so much she read it aloud to the whole car. "Just because a girl is a cute dish," it went, "doesn't mean she'll be any use around the kitchen." The lady added ominously, "I'm cutting that out to give my husband." . . .

WILL GENERAL EISENHOWER ever write a book of his own? Correspondents who know him doubt it, despite the fact that it would probably net him a million or more, counting the syndication rights. Quentin Reynolds tells a story of an evening he spent with him at a villa in Algiers. General Ike admitted that in a restless mood he actually had written a chapter of a book. "It was the story of my toughest night to date—the night of the invasion of North Africa," he said. "I wrote for hours. Then I read it over to myself. Then I threw it in the fire. 'Ike,' I reminded myself, 'you're a soldier, not a writer!' " . . . Colonel Joseph Greene, meanwhile, declares that Lt. Col. Randolph Leigh's "48 Million Tons to Eisenhower" is the best and most accurate story of the logistical accomplishments of the American Army in the recent war. As far as Trade Winds is concerned, Colonel Greene can do no wrong. . . . One of those omnipotent writers for a liberal weekly suddenly turned against Soviet Russia after years of active espousal of the Red cause. A colleague explained his flip-flop succinctly: "He gave Stalin advice. Stalin didn't take it. That's all, brother." . . . Dick Lauterbach interviewed Shostakovitch in his Russian home. The composer was looking forward to a trip to America as a guest of Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony, and in their thorough Russian way, he and his wife were studying English assiduously. The door had a sign on it marked "DOOR." The curtains were labeled "CURTAINS." Stalin's photograph, instead of his name, bore the inscription "PICTURE." And at Shostakovitch's place at the dining-room table was a big placard that read "I DEEPLY APPRECIATE YOUR MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION, AND AM VERY SORRY I AM SO LATE." . . .

THE AMERICAN FOUNDATION for the Blind is doing a fine job in bringing author voices onto phonograph discs in order that blind listeners may not only hear the outstanding books of our time but gain some idea of authors' personalities through their voices. Occasionally authors read the whole of their books onto the discs, but more often they bog down after the first few chapters, and turn over the balance to silver-tongued professionals from the stage and radio. Authors who have coöperated recently with the Foundation in this

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"May I use your drum, Bunga? I have an important call to make."

way include Somerset Maugham, Jan Struther, Edna Ferber, John Kieran, Thomas Mann, Eleanor Roosevelt, Bertrand Russell, and Chris Morley. Talking Books reach blind people without cost to them. After being recorded at Foundation headquarters (15 West 16th Street, New York), they are placed by the Library of Congress in 27 regional branches from coast to coast. The records are then sent from these centers to "readers" postage free. The whole system was devised by the Foundation when surveys disclosed that 75 percent of the 200,000 blind people in the country were unable to read Braille or other systems of finger reading with any degree of proficiency or pleasure. Several recordings have been made specially for the 1120 American soldiers blinded in World War II. . . .

CHEERFUL TIDINGS for male habitués of literary teas! A beautician, horrified at the effect of fluorescent lighting on women's makeup, has come forward with a new lipstick called Red Currant, which remains the same color under any kind of artificial light. (But is it indelible?) . . . Another helpful new gadget is a delayed action electric switch. It can be installed so that the light will continue to shine up to three minutes after the switch has been turned off, giving everybody time to get out of a room before Stygian darkness sets in, and cutting down the number of bruised shins by at least three million. The new switch is also equipped with a phosphorescent tip for locating in the dark. . . . *The American Weekly* has discovered a Mrs. Sadie Reddekopp of The Dalles, Oregon, who, believe it or not, is making money from a skunk kennel. Her business card reads, "Deodorized baby skunks, $10 each." "At first," she says, "people bought them as a joke to shock their friends, but they soon found that skunks are affectionate, graceful, and intelligent little creatures and make wonderful pets. I can't raise them fast enough." Peace, it's wonderful! . . . The Straus family has always played an important part in the affairs of R. H. Macy. Legend has it that a baby was born recently to one of the clan, and the husband's announcement read, "My wife has labored and brought forth a Straus." . . . The three books I'm giving every kid I know this Christmas are Thurber's "The White Deer," Bartlett's "Victor Herbert Songs for Children," and Farley's "The Black Stallion Returns." . . . When this column appears, I will be off on a Writers' War Bond Tour of the South with Kathleen Winsor, Carl Van Doren, MacKinlay Kantor, and John Dickson Carr. I hope to pick up a few good stories for you enroute. . . .

JACK KAPP, of Decca Records, has a very tony butler who has been picking up a nice bit of change on the stock market. When Decca stock was hovering around 15, the butler asked Kapp how he liked it. "It's probably a good buy," admitted Kapp. "I agree," said the butler, "but I think I'll wait to pick it up when it reacts to 10." "If it ever reacts to 10," Kapp assured him, "you'll be out looking for a new job."

BENNETT CERF

"From where I sit"

EVERY WEEK or so I'm lying in bed, letting the harbor whistles guide my mind on a tour of the subconscious, when over in the brass section of the Hudson River I hear six synchronized bass tubas all going at once. Judas Priest, I say, because I have a heart too soon made glad by the sound of big stuff in the Hudson. I arrive at a little empty pier all panting and all hope, my arms in both trouser legs and a shoe tied on each hand, but just in time to miss the Queen Mary or the Europa which have come all the way from Phil-a-del-phy-yea careening with troops.

But guess what I hear right at the end of the preceding paragraph? The Queen Mary, and so I yawn my way up an elevator shaft because the pressure hurts my ears, and I see the ship dock. There it is with 11,000 G.I.'s all waiting impatiently to get to a phone and say, **MOM I'M HOME!** by SYD HOFF.

MOM, I'M HOME! by SYD HOFF is a cartoon book with a new wrinkle of the smile. It is devoted solely and sometimes soulfully to the returning G.I. on that ship that just came up the river. It takes a good deal of perception for a man who has not been overseas to understand what things are funny in the soldier's return, and yet SYD HOFF has done a hundred cartoons on the subject. Some of them are not the sort of cartoon that make you laugh as much as they make you smile, for the subject of the soldier's return is deeper than the bellylaugh. And as the author says, he is "bitterly ungrateful to World War II for the ideas in this book."

Another wrinkle is that a large proportion of the cartoons were done especially for this book and have not appeared in the other magazines which have carried HOFF's stuff. Most cartoon books, as you know, are simply collections of jokes which have appeared elsewhere.

In fact the only thing without wrinkles is SYD HOFF's young face. And he tells me that his brow *does* wrinkle when he tries to figure out the jokes he sees in *The New Yorker*. His wife has to explain them to him. And that is significant, because there is nothing mysterious about his humor. It hits right (Mom, I'm) home.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

BELLONA'S BRIDEGROOM

ALTHOUGH twenty-one years have slipped by, few of us will forget that night. It was warmish, though not too warm. Fortunately, the evening of the fifth was not one of those oven-like horrors which, when they encase New York in early September, make such city-dwellers as have taken their vacations early either forget they have had them, or wish they had taken them later.

The warmest place in Manhattan on this Friday night was the Plymouth Theatre. None of us sardined in that playhouse complained, however, about the heat. We welcomed it. The heat we felt there was theatre-made. It warms us even now at the merest mention of the play which generated it. This drama has a stubborn way of making itself remembered. To this day its title crops up when anyone, in or out of print, would set a standard for what a war play written in this country should be. Its name, you see, was "What Price Glory?"

Among those who witnessed the first performance of Maxwell Anderson's and Laurence Stallings's play was Alexander Woollcott. The role of "much-uplifted onlooker" was not new to him. It was one of his best parts. That night he did not act it alone. Stephen Leacock's plain was not more filled with solitary horsemen than the Plymouth was with enthusiastic spectators.

Writing in *The Sun* the next day, Mr. Woollcott confessed he had been "among those who, after the final curtain, remained *quietly* in their seats and *roared*." Though this must be saluted as something of a feat, the play which Mr. Woollcott and we quiet roarers were saluting was also a feat.

"No war play," wrote Mr. Woollcott, and his words are as true today, though a second world war has come and gone, as they were when he dashed them off at midnight, "no war play written in the English language since the German guns boomed under the walls of Liège . . . has been so true, so alive, so salty, and so richly satisfying.

"Compared with these men, who have their little day in the three acts of 'What Price Glory?,' all the other stage officers and soldiers that have charged upon us from the embattled dressing rooms of Broadway have seemed to step glistening from some magazine cover painted in the thick of a Chicago studio. . . . The war, its immensity and its folly and its crushing evidence of human failure, is no more mentioned than it would be mentioned in a fine artist's painting of Belleau Wood. Yet, in the tremendous irony of the comedy and the sardonic laughter which fills its every scene, there is more said about the war than in all the editorials on the subject which, if placed end to end, would reach nowhere."

I go back to "What Price Glory?" just now because a play about this second, and even more terrible, war has come along which forces me to do so. Its name is "A Sound of Hunting,"* and its author Harry Brown. Though by no means the full-bodied drama we remember "What Price Glory?" as being, Mr. Brown's is by all odds the best war play America has so far produced since Mr. Anderson and Mr. Stallings first collaborated.

The war, this second war, is no new subject to Mr. Brown. As a member of the staff of *Yank*, as the author of such a commendable realistic novel as "A Walk in the Sun," as the creator of the hilarious "Artie Greengroin" series, and as a contributor to the script of "The True Glory," he has approached the war from many different angles.

In "A Sound of Hunting" Mr. Brown is dealing with a group of men similar to those about whom he wrote in "A Walk in the Sun." Once again he chooses a small unit—a platoon—as a focus for his comments on men at war. Once again he writes about G.I.'s; about their gripes, their hungers, their discomforts, hopes, fears, and fellowship. But "A Sound of Hunting" is not to be mistaken for a dramatization of "A Walk in the Sun." The play is as different from the novel in its setting as it is in its feeling.

Skilful and rewarding as was "A Walk in the Sun," there was something about the book which bothered me. Its pages flowered on ice. It seemed written from a dislike of men, not an affection for them. I looked in vain for indications of that strange, binding fellowship which I am convinced unites men who have faced death in each other's company. In avoiding the sentimentalities of war, I felt Mr. Brown had omitted one of its most sustaining sentiments.

I must have been wrong, however. "A Sound of Hunting" proves beyond any question that Mr. Brown is not the misanthrope "A Walk in the Sun" had persuaded me he was. Its theme —its point, its truth, its strength—is the very emotion I had missed in the novel. Our theatre has not seen a warmer or more warming statement of the strange, irrational compulsions of this feeling which exists among men who face death and have survived dangers jointly.

The scene of "A Sound of Hunting" is a war-ruined house in Cassino. In this locust shell of a building Mr. Brown's G.I.'s have lived and suffered. For the moment the war outside appears to have come to a halt. But during a patrol one afternoon a member of the platoon—the least likable, most troublesome member—manages to get lost. The other men, who are about to be relieved and sent back from the front to the doubtful delights of Naples, are unwilling to leave this man behind. Disobeying orders and running the risks of an impregnable German machine-gun nest, a rescue party sets out. One private finally silences the German gun but discovers the missing American is dead. Knowing at least that they have done what they could, and feel they should, do for one of their own, the platoon moves back.

*A SOUND OF HUNTING, a play by Harry Brown. Presented by Irving L. Jacobs. Directed by Anthony Brown. Settings by Samuel Leve. With a cast including Sam Levene, Frank Lovejoy, Carl Frank, George Evans. At the Lyceum Theatre.

— *Lucas-Pritchard*

"The high virtues of 'A Sound of Hunting's' dialogue are captured most especially in Sam Levene's ebullient playing of Pvt. Collucci."

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CI. 6-6363. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:40

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with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
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The plan of the action of "A Sound of Hunting" is as simple as that. I say "simple" merely in the sense of plotting and from the point of view of playgoers who, either from habit or because of being utterly safe themselves, may not feel this is quite enough. In most respects, its very lack of plot is a source of strength in Mr. Brown's play. His drama is an episode which gains in validity because of having been kept episodic and denied that neat forcing of coincidence from which greasepaint fables are sprung.

The test of such a play as "A Sound of Hunting" is, of course, its dialogue. This faces the obligation of supplying a substitute for outward action. In "A Sound of Hunting" it not only faces this test. It passes it triumphantly so far as its G.I.'s are concerned.

"In a a good play," Synge insisted, "every speech should be as fully flavored as a nut or apple, and such speeches cannot be written by any-

one who works among a people who have shut their lips on poetry." American G.I.'s do not speak the language of the muses. Their talk is nearer the latrine than to Parnassus. Mr. Brown is wise enough to know this. He also knows that there can be poetry in prose no less than in verse, and that the vernacular can burn with color. If American slang is full of flavor, G.I. slang is even more flavorsome. A new profession and unsuspected surroundings and circumstances have only challenged its invention.

Mr. Brown contrives to record this slang, and yet to heighten it. He puts the wisecrack in uniform and sends it to the front. He speaks the language of those young men overseas who are disillusioned but undismayed. What Bill Mauldin has caught triumphantly in prose, Mr. Brown suggests in this war for the first time behind our footlights.

Unlike the older playwrights who not unnaturally have written about North Africa and the Pacific in terms of their memories of Belleau Wood and Château-Thierry; unlike Mr. Stallings, for instance, in last year's "The Streets are Guarded," or Mr. Anderson in his three war plays, Mr. Brown writes about this war in its own idioms. He takes the low-down—the tough-guyese of American speech —and lifts it up until it becomes the

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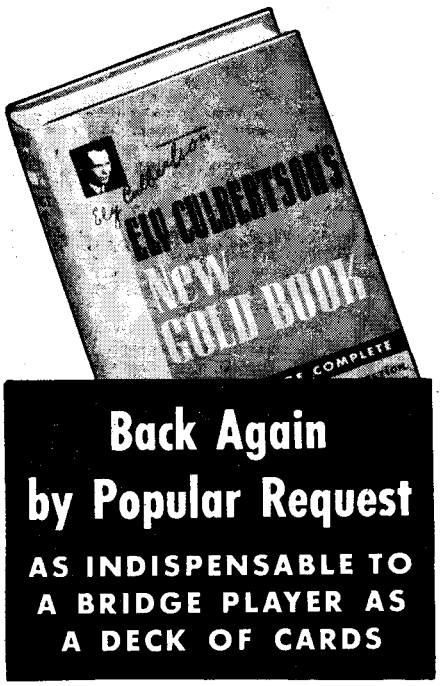

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IN PHILADELPHIA

most pungent and authentic soldier dialogue to have been written by an American dramatist since Pearl Harbor.

If, against my will, I find myself compelled to limit my admiration of Mr. Brown's dialogue to the talk of his soldiers, it is because he has introduced into his otherwise strictly army cast a war correspondent who, both as written and as played, is one of the most disastrous characters to have been seen hereabouts in years. Indeed, not since just before D-day in Normandy, when that girl in London teletyped a premature message to America announcing that Eisenhower's troops had landed in France, has one person come so close to overturning the applecart. The only difference between Mr. Brown's correspondent and the teletypist in question is that, fortunately for all of us, she failed; whereas, unfortunately for Mr. Brown's play, his correspondent succeeds.

Perhaps there were war correspondents such as the prig, the poop, and the informer Mr. Brown allows to get up to the front. Somehow I doubt it. Certainly no correspondent, presumably as famous as is Mr. Brown's villain, would have gone far in his profession had he employed the assinine tactics used by this strange creature known as Frederick Finley.

I managed to meet many newsmen here and there overseas. Maybe I was lucky. I know I was when I saw such correspondents as Ernie Pyle, Clark Lee, H. R. Knickerbocker, John Lardner, A. J. Liebling, and George Sessions Perry at work. I swear that not one of them ever dreamed of alienating a group of sailors or G.I.'s by greeting them with such a line as, "You know you boys up here are doing the really big jobs in this war." Certainly not one of these writers would have thought of reporting a soldier who had disobeyed orders to a superior officer. Nor would anyone else wearing the green arm patch who wanted a story and knew what was good for him. The truth is Mr. Brown's correspondent is so overdrawn and poorly written, even in terms of his own intended snideness, that I for one would not blame the Newspaper Guild if, on the coldest winter nights, it ordered out its members to picket "A Sound of Hunting."

This is more than a shame. It is a pity. Because, except for this one incredible and deeply damaging character, Mr. Brown's is a war play of genuine merit. The high virtues of its dialogue are captured and projected in Anthony Brown's production, and most especially in Sam Levene's ebullient playing of Private Collucci.

As a play "A Sound of Hunting" would have gained, had Mr. Brown chosen characters as diversified in mind and age as they are in racial types. Yet, in spite of its shortcomings —yes, even in spite of its regrettable correspondent—his script provides a full evening in a lean season.

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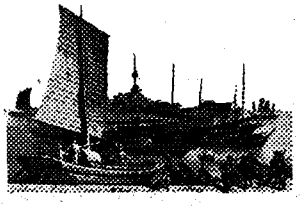

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Heaven on Earth

LOVELY IS THE LEE. By Robert Gibbings, with engravings by the author. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 199 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

OFF the Galway coast, in the Atlantic, lies sea-beleagured Bofin, an island four miles by two. In the seventh century, when Ireland was the cradle of European culture, there was a monastery on Bofin. Calligraphy and illumination were taught there, the same school that emblazoned the pages of the Book of Kells, the Book of Lindisfarne, and the Book of Durrow.

The monastery is long gone. Today "there's a shop there, there's a post-office there, they have a priest and a doctor, and what more could any man want?" As they wrest a bare living from the rocks and the sea, the islanders live with simple grace and dignity. The hardy Bofin fishermen sing at their oars and their nets. Priest, doctor, and people share generously with the stranger their open hospitality, their amiable conversation, and their sense of an old and noble past.

It was the same wherever Robert Gibbings went in Ireland. In the cities, villages, and countryside of Galway, on the Aran Islands, and in the south along the valley of the lovely Lee he found neither closed door, stranger, nor bore. On lonely moorland road and in the crowded fair every man was his friend, his host.

Payment? When he asked for some postcards the stationer refused to discuss money. "Can we send them for you?" he asked. Thread this sparkling friendliness through the natural glories of western and southern Ireland, enliven it with varied and delightful talk, and you have—well, you have "Lovely Is the Lee."

In the primal economics of such a ciilization the material and the spiritual strike an ancient balance. An Irish business man found his profits mounting. He discharged his overcompetent foremen. "What the hell do I want more profits for? I have enough to live on. What I want is peace of mind and good fishing."

There is the tailor of Gougane who protests: "Learning today has no style. It is like the clothes men wear ready made." According to this connoisseur of men and tweeds, "a man who thinks he is educated because he has read books is like a man who thinks he is rich because he has money in the bank."

In the Lee district of Iveleary lives Shawn the Post. Shawn leaves by the

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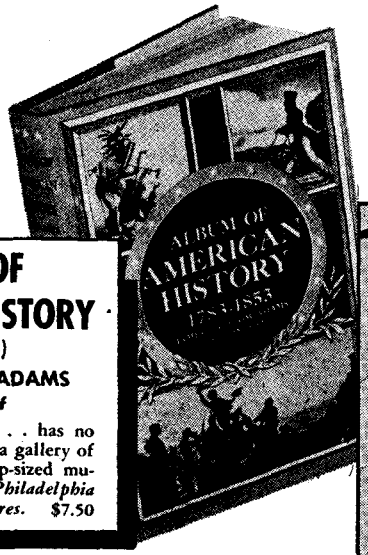

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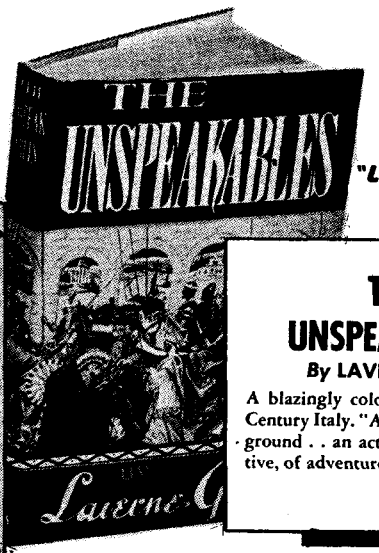

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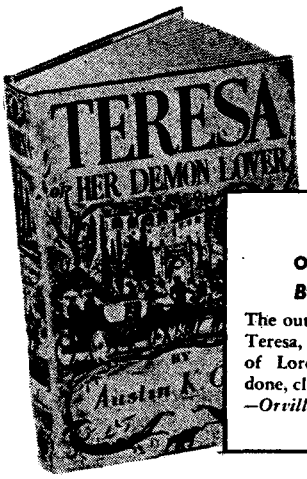

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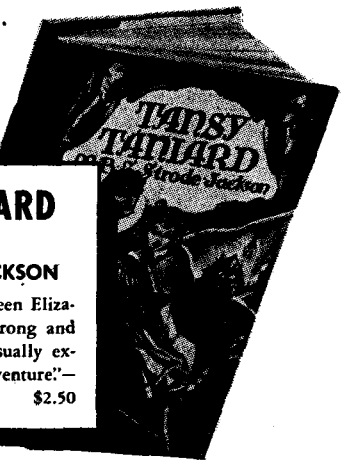

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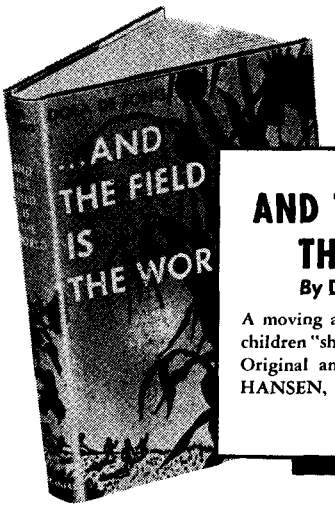

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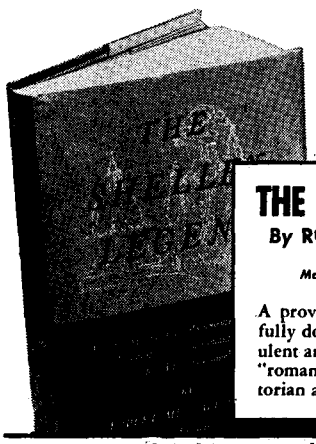

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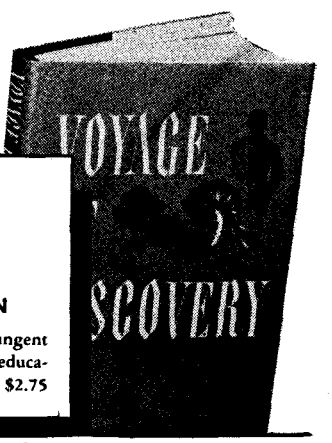

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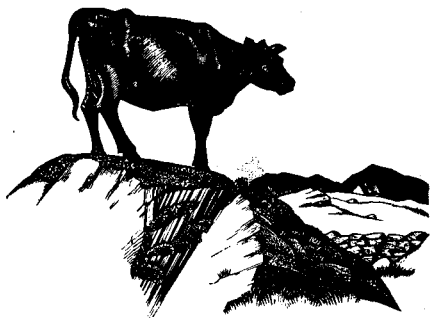
side of the mountainy bog his bicycle, his overcoat, and a bottle of brandy he is bringing to an invalid. "Safe, is it?" he repeats. "Safe as the bank in Cork. Safer, maybe. You couldn't tell what them fellows would be up to with a bottle." For twenty years he had been leaving things by the side of that solitary road where the only passersby had little of wealth and lesser still of envy.

These people die as they live. They meet death with courtesy. "I'm going now, Mary," whispered an old Irishman to his wife, "and I'm very thankful for all you have done for me; and when I see God I'll ask him to be good to you." Men have taken more heroic leave of life, more dramatic,



—*From the book.*

but not more courtly. Here was a gentleman's leavetaking.

In Ireland's Ultima Thule Robert Gibbings, writer and artist, scholar, naturalist, wit, and conversationalist extraordinary, is superbly at home. He is attuned to the leisurely pace of this Tir na n-Og, to its innocent communion with the magic half-world of the Irish imagination. He knows the hidden ways of trout and plover and the movement of water in limestone land. His wood engravings fit the native scene as Dun Aenghus fits the majestic escarpments of the Arans.

Mr. Gibbings says that the best story teller he has ever heard is a Lee countryman, one Con Jack Borlin. "Con can take the simplest child's fairy story like the Forty Thieves or Jack and the Beanstalk and tell it with such a wealth of circumstantial detail that anyone listening, however sophisticated, will be carried away with the 'truth' of it." Mr. Gibbings himself is such a story teller. Out of the curraghs and the glens, the maidenhair ferns and the mergansers, the epic tales and the romantic legends, he has made a sort of Canterbury Tales as Isaac Walton might have told them.

Follow him as he talks about wild geese. Taking off with the gray backs of the Connemara bogs, he ranges over centuries and continents in fascinating sequence. From the sentinel geese of Rome, 390 B.C., to their World War II descendants whose monitory cackles alerted the English to the approaching Luftwaffe, he spins out the lore of these historic birds.

Mr. Gibbings, like Charles Lamb before him, makes an art of digression. He recites poetry, trades riddles with casual wayfarers, discourses with learning and charm on cairns, George Moore, fairies, Mass rocks, donkeys, the lady freemason from Cork, the lost Spanish-Irish coastline, the hundred-forty-year-old countess who fell out of a tree. "Lovely Is the Lee" is not, then, a book that you cannot put down. It is that rarer book that you keep on taking up, to quote from, to smile over, to read a passage once again. In short, it is something of a desert island book.

Mr. Gibbings makes an enchanting tale of Lee-girt Cork. Anyone, he declares, who says it is not the world's loveliest city either was not born there or is prejudiced. He himself was born there and he is prejudiced.

After reading "Lovely Is the Lee" it is easy to sympathize with another of Mr. Gibbing's Quixotic Irishmen. The forthright fellow stepped up to the ticket window of a London railroad station and asked for a ticket. "But where to?" demanded the scornful clerk. "To Cork, of course," came the impatient answer. "Where the divil else?"

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 129

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 129 will be found in the next issue.

JZGI Z JZG PTF NTUGYB NF RFOGM Z TFJQ MUBLFHQCB NTZN TQ TZB JQCQKI FEQGQM Z NZHQCG RFC TUB RCUQGMB.

—SQFCSQ MFOSKZB

—BFONT PUGM.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 128

THE VAGABOND, WHEN RICH, IS CALLED A TOURIST. THE SCOURGE OF CHRIST.

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Mrs. Little's Second Son

STUART LITTLE. By E. B. White. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 131 pp. $2.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENET

ALTHOUGH "Stuart Little" may be listed as a children's book, and children will undoubtedly be the excuse for getting it into the house, it is for all ages, all shapes and sizes of readers who like the light fantastic tone. The exact number of years of the reader won't matter here any more than it does with "Alice," "The Wind in the Willows," some of Milne, or indeed the work of Walt Disney, who created that other popular mouse.

What is "Stuart Little" about? A mouse. Well, what was "The Wind in the Willows" about? A toad. But not the usual mouse or toad; neither one belongs to the general run of the animals-in-waistcoats school of writing. The first three sentences here will give the reader a definite idea as to whether this is or is not his meat: "When Mrs. Frederick C. Little's second son was born, everybody noticed that he was not much bigger than a mouse. The truth of the matter was, the baby looked very much like a mouse in every way. He was only about two inches high; and he had a mouse's sharp nose, a mouse's tail, a mouse's whiskers, and the pleasant shy manner of a mouse."

The humorous, wise quality found in E. B. White's other work is reflected here in miniature. Stuart's conversation, towards the end of the book, with an earthy, much traveled telephone repair man who likes the North, has something of the philosophy of "One Man's Meat." There is a matter-of-factness about all Stuart's adventures that keeps them from being too whimsical and that gives them substance and charm. "Before he was many days old, he was not only looking like a mouse but acting like one too,— wearing a grey hat and carrying a small cane."

There is bound to be a charm about the miniature. Thumbelina is apt to be more popular always than Gargantua. Again, of course, one must qualify that statement by adding, for some people. Others *may* prefer elephants and the scale of Grand Central Station. At any rate there are many fine, small details about Stuart's fine, small life; the bed made from four clothespins and a cigarette box, the skates fashioned from paper clips, the dime rolled along like a hoop. Since the other Little son, George, is normal size, these all present family problems. Stuart's life in New York, his mistrust of Snowbell, the sinister family cat, his tour on the open road, all give us life in a new dimension, a mouse's eye view of things.

It is easy to see, by the way, from Garth Williams's illustrations *why* Stuart mistrusts Snowbell.

This is Mr. White's first venture into the present field. He began "Stuart Little" for a niece who was six years old at the time but had "grown up and was reading Hemingway" before he finished. "Oh, fish feathers," as Stuart Little once said, "size has nothing to do with it. It's temperament and ability that count!" That applies to "Stuart Little" the book, too.

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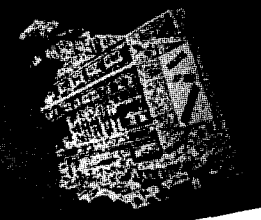

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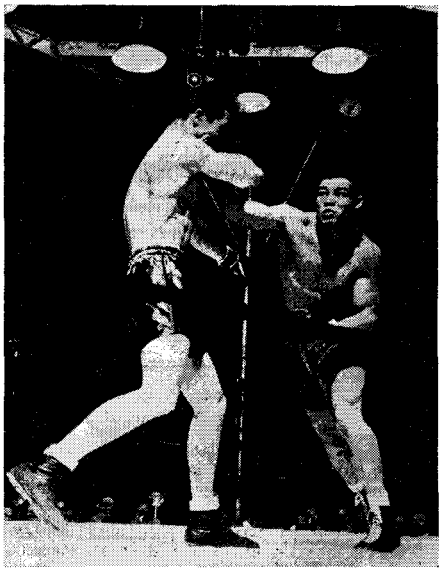
"—And Still Champion"

JOE LOUIS, AMERICAN. By Margery Miller. New York: Current Books. 1945. 192 pp. and photographs. $2.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

A PROFESSIONAL fighter's life is not like a lawyer's, an engineer's, or a clergyman's. The latter can look to forty or fifty years of increasing skill and efficiency, with any kind of luck; a fighter has five years or so going up, about the same as top speed, again with luck, and perhaps another five years worrying about his legs. That is about the most optimistic prospect that one can furnish for the very top flight of fighters. Joe Louis Barrow will have been heavyweight champion for nine years on June 22, 1946, and only Sullivan has beaten this record, by about a year.

Top fighters have about five years to make their fortunes; it is dollars to doughnuts that Mr. Barrow could have had his induction to the Army deferred for a year or so while he made a few hundred thousand dollars—at the very peak of his career—to see that Malva and Jacqueline and the folks had plenty of pork chops. Instead he welcomed his induction almost eagerly, waived every stipulation that might have delayed his entrance to the Army, and climbed into uniform. The idea of claiming any privilege obtainable for the finest fighter in the world and a substantial American taxpayer never occurred to him. The country had done mighty good to a poor Alabama cottonpicker's boy, and that was that. He gave up a fourth or fifth of his best years and reported for duty without any heroics.



— *International News* — from the book

"The idea of claiming any privilege for the finest fighter in the world never occurred to Joe Louis."

He was not in the line of fire but that was not his fault. The Army had special uses for him and he achieved them magnificently.

"What you going to do in the Army, Joe?" somebody asked him.

"What they tell me," Joe said succinctly.

Since he has gained enough finish to venture an occasional oral utterance Mr. Barrow has rung the bell with amazing consistency. His critics, the sports writers, have a good deal of fun about his easy ability to sleep when there seems to be nothing more interesting to do. A good many literary and political figures could have cultivated this custom with profit to themselves and humanity; when a man has nothing to do profitably he might as well rest against future emergencies. His appreciation of food has also aroused a good deal of amusement and wonder. This is all to the good, too—he is a big, highpowered machine and he needs more nourishment than tea and chocolate wafers.

He was fortunate to be in the Army—not that it wasn't fortunate to have him—during the recent pork-chop shortage. Too many champions hold their victory celebrations with red likker, pink wenches, and Neronian sycophants. Joe has a pork-chop orgy with his family and close friends. Recently scientists have discovered that the noble chop contains more nicotinic acid or sulfathiazole or atomic energy or some other useful but confusing substance than almost any other kind of common food, so it is a reasonably good bet that Joe will beat the record of John L., who trained on a beverage which presumably has little vitamin content.

American Barrow has made $2,263,000 in the ring—which does not represent the whole income of a heavyweight champion by any means,—nor does it represent his fortune by any means. A champion who lives even as quietly and simply as Joe Louis has heavy expenses, aside from shares and taxes. What is not generally known, because he never mentions it, is that he has an open hand, particularly for the many welfare projects of what he considers his race—though he is part Caucasian and part Cherokee.

It would be impossible for Louis not to be race-conscious in the fight business. The two Schmeling fights came up brutally against this tragic issue; one of the few times if not the only time Louis has ever been obviously

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angry in the ring was in the second Schmeling fight. There have been a dozen versions of the first fight—the only one that Louis has lost in eleven years. The most reasonable answer is that Louis, with 28 consecutive victories, all but three by knockouts, spent his time thinking about his new bride and a little gray home in the West, and didn't bother much about some Nazi who won from Jack Sharkey on a foul and lost to him at boxing, which was not Sharkey's forte, somewhat later.

It was a mistake. Schmeling had a right hand at least half as good as Jack Dempsey's, and one needs to keep his powder dry when his opponent has a pistol, even if the opponent is not very expert with the weapon. Schmeling left the possibly preoccupied and uninterested Louis "queer" in one of the early rounds and knocked him out in the twelfth. It would be interesting to have the Louis version of that fight; he probably knew very little about it after Schmeling caught him in the fourth, though it took Louis eight more rounds to fall down finally.

The second Schmeling fight was entirely different. Schmeling had not been in good odor with the Nazis, for various reasons, but his victory made him an Aryan conqueror and established the supremacy of the Master Race. It takes a dime's worth of erudition to learn that "Aryan" is a philological term and doesn't have any reference to race at all.

After many honors Schmeling had the poor manners and suicidal indiscretion to talk about Louis as a Negro disparagingly. Two years and three days after the German's victory he met Louis again. This was not a fight—Joe had not liked the remarks and he had one idea in his head.

The best description of the fight (which lasted four seconds over two minutes) I have head came from a reporter, "We were scared."

Louis hit so rapidly that Schmeling could not fall down fast enough; when he sagged from a left he was picked up by a right uppercut, and hit again with a left—and the fight was stopped, just about in time. Various people have said that Louis intended to kill the man, which is stupid, in spite of the fact that he probably would have done so in another minute. Manslaughter might have been a result, but Joe was merely commenting on the greatness of the Nazi Aryan who made too much noise.

Joe's best remark was before the fight with Buddy Baer—the champion's purse went to a Navy fund. At that time Negroes could take only menial jobs in the Navy.

Somebody yelled from the ringside, "Hey, Joe, how does it feel to be fighting for nothing?"

Joe said gravely, "I'm fighting for my country," and punctuated the statement two minutes and fifty-six seconds later by stretching out Buddy Baer for the third time and keeps.

Oh, yes—this book is a nice, clean, reportorial job.

A LETTER TO A GERMAN WRITER

(Continued from page 9)

the real Germany; or were you merely forgetful of something that you preferred not to remember?

If there was a single representative writer among the younger group in 1914 it was surely Thomas Mann; and if there was any German who could also be called a "good European" it was the author of "Death in Venice" (1911). But what was the essential theme of Mann's "Reflections of a Non-Political Man"? It was nothing less than a hymn of praise to the essential Germanism of Germany; praise of its militarism, its cult of war, its authoritarianism, its anti-democratic spirit. There was plenty of politics in these non-political reflections; but it was authoritarian politics. Between Mann's sentiments in 1915 and those of the National Socialists there was a far smaller gap than there was between him and, say, Woodrow Wilson. If Wilson had, indeed, been a close student of German institutions he would never have made the blunder of hanging the guilt on Germany's rulers alone and absolving the German people. In all his irrational premises, Mann was already almost as much of a National Socialist as Schacht and Hugenberg and von Rundstedt, not to say Hess, Rosenberg, and Hitler.

For Thomas Mann, "militarism is modernism," while what he understood by "civilization," the state valued by the Allied powers, was the opposite, namely, "security and sleepiness." Mann's words throughout this remarkable book could have been intoned at a Nuremberg celebration or relivered to the puppet Reichstag by Hitler himself. I will not heap up the citations; the book is still probably in your personal library; but I cannot resist a final quotation from Mann, for it completely demolishes the "foreign bandit" theory of National Socialism:

> No [he says on page 186], it is not the peace of national-inter-

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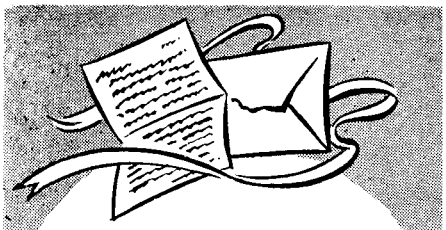

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national democracy that Europe needs: that is impossible and it would be no peace, but only perpetuated anarchy. The peace of Europe must not be national but supernational; not a democratic peace but a German peace. The peace of Europe can rest only on the victory and the might of a supernational people, a people that call its own the highest universal traditions, the richest cosmopolitan endowments, the deepest feeling of European responsibility.

At their worst, the Nazis could add nothing to this program: was that not essentially what they meant by the new order?

Were Thomas Mann's sentiments exceptional? The pages of the enlightened *Neue Rundschau*, all through the First World War, show that he was a true representative, not merely of his country but of his class: it was not Mann alone but ninety-two other intellectuals who signed the declaration backing up the German government and the German army at the outset of the war, proclaiming the innocence of Germany at the same moment that even "pacifists" like Maximilian Harden were rejoicing that the war had finally come, and proclaiming that Germany had willed it. Even the purest of your writers, dear Alfons, shared these sentiments, at least during the first wave of emotion. It was doubtless an accident that Rilke's poem to his ancestor, Cornet Christopher Rilke, swept him into popularity when the war broke out. But what was it that caused this pure sensitive spirit, who had suffered so bitterly at military school, this cosmopolitan who said that Russia was his spiritual fatherland, and who served as Rodin's secretary and established himself as his friend—what was it that made Rilke, too, write fine hymns of exultant praise to the god of war?

No, dear Alfons, this taste for war, this adulation of power, this belief in German supremacy, and in peace only if it is a German peace—these are not the private characteristics of a small group of corrupt or demented men: these are the common postulates of Germanism, so common that few Germans have even dreamt of examining them. The chief difference between your militarists and your more democratic groups is that the latter would prefer to achieve the same results without fighting. You need not accept my word for it, the word of a foreigner: I refer you to the best of authorities, to Thomas Mann himself. After the First World War, Thomas Mann underwent a slow but thorough change; first he allied himself with the social democratic cause; finally, during the thirties, he became one of

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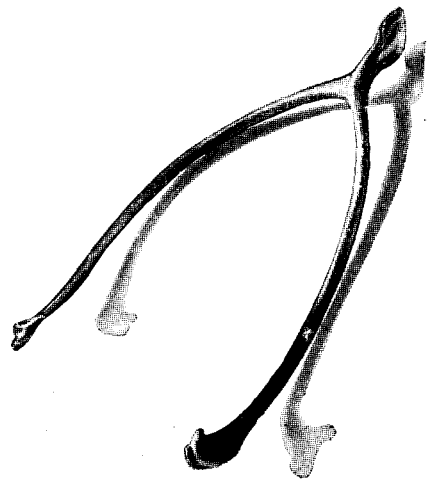

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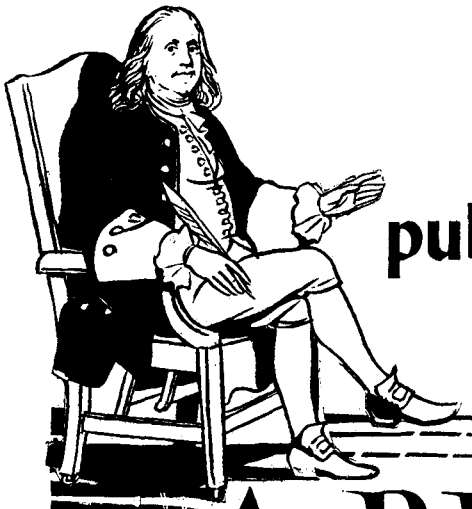

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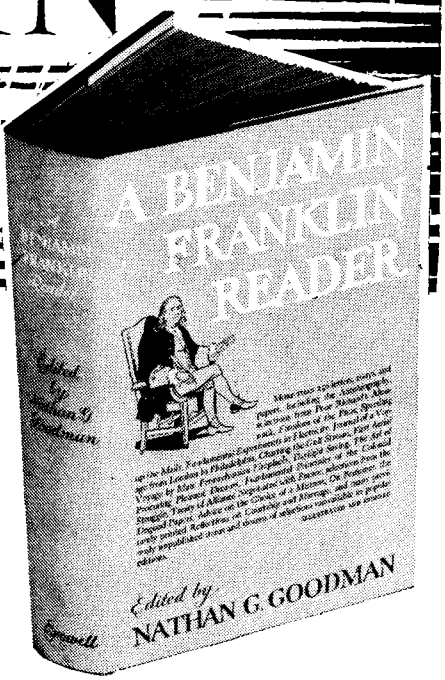

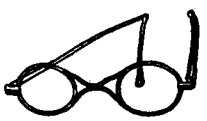

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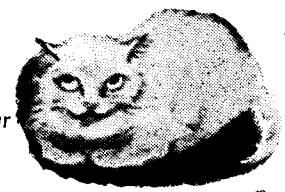

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A little while ago Dr. Mann delivered an address at the Library of Congress in Washington on Germany and the Germans: the address of a highly courageous and honorable man, because it was in effect a public confession, made by one who, in achieving self-knowledge, has become deeply aware of his own weakness and his own sins. This address had the profound self-knowledge, the brave humility, of Saint Augustine's "Confessions." With the skill of a surgeon making an autopsy, he opened up the mind of Germany and, revealing layer upon layer, organ after organ, he disclosed the morbid developments that accompanied the growth of Protestantism, romanticism, naturalism, nationalism. No one, not even Heine, has given such an unsparing revelation of the German nature, the German character, its mixture of the rational and the demonic, of the progressive and the primitive.

> Wherever arrogance of the intellect mates with the spiritually obsolete and archaic [Dr. Mann said], there is the Devil's domain; and the Devil, Luther's Devil, Faust's Devil, strikes me as a very German figure; and the pact with him, the Satanic covenant, to win all treasures and power on earth for a time at the cost of the soul's salvation, strikes me as something exceedingly typical of German nature. A lonely thinker and searcher, a theologian and philosopher in his cell, who, in his desire for world enjoyment and world domination, barters his soul to the Devil—isn't this the right moment to see Germany in this picture, the moment in which Germany is literally being carried off by the Devil?

The outcome of Mann's analysis is to show how deeply the German people, low and high, ignorant and intelligent, not least such people as he himself, who stood at the very pinnacle of European culture, have been involved in Germany's present downfall. At seventy, rich in years and honors and works, Thomas Mann nevertheless at last understands the

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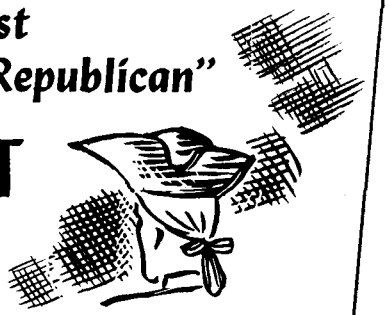

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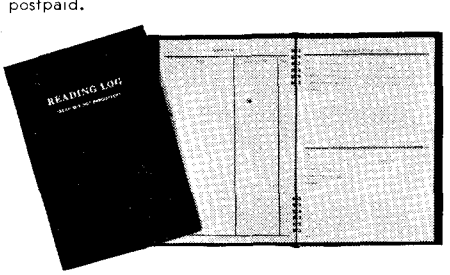

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elements in his own life and thought that made the triumph of National Socialism not an accident, a hideous accident, entirely foreign to the real spirit of Germany, but an inevitable culmination of its divided loyalties and its warped destiny. He identifies the evil that conquered Germany and led to its final debacle as the evil that was nourished by such a good German as he was, the evil that was present in Luther and Fichte, in Nietzsche and Wagner: the spirit whose ultimate heresy was to subordinate the human to the German.

> This story [Thomas Mann concludes] should convince us of one thing: there are *not* two Germanys, a good one and a bad one, but only one, whose best turned into evil through devilish cunning. Wicked Germany is merely good Germany gone astray, good Germany in misfortune, in guilt, in ruin. For that reason it is quite impossible for one born there simply to renounce the wicked, guilty Germany and to declare: "I am the good, the noble, the just Germany in the white robe; I leave it to you to exterminate the wicked one."

Perhaps these last six years, dear Alfons, have caused such a thoroughgoing change in you as the last thirty years brought about in Thomas Mann. Perhaps they have turned the nonpolitical artist into the responsible citizen, capable of exerting moral leadership, as ready to acknowledge and root out the weaknesses in your own life and work as Thomas Mann has been. You are now only a little older than Mann was at the end of the last war. Admittedly, your task unfortunately is an even heavier one than his was: for he fought a losing fight in a country where his words could still be easily published and his voice heard; whereas you will speak like a prophet in the wilderness, to a people that has been debased by participating in evil plans, sullied by their victories, and embittered by their defeats. If you rise to your task, you will be more lonely in spirit than you would be in your Alpenhütte in wintertime when snow blocks the road down to the valley even for the skier. For you, who tried so long to stay apart, perhaps especially for you, there is no easy road back.

Unfortunately, my friend, there will be no peace for you, even in the Zillertal, until you break your covenant with the devil; the covenant whereby you gained riches and honor as an artist by closing your eyes to the political scene. If you are to live once more as a writer, you must first earn your right to live by proving yourself a man. Your country is still waiting for a man. It has been waiting for a long time.

Answers to Literary Quiz

1. "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," from the Arabian Nights, trans. by Richard Burton. 2. "La Grande Breteche," by Honoré de Balzac. 3. "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll. 4. "The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes (The Problem of Thor Bridge"), by Conan Doyle, or "The Untold Tales of Dr. Watson," by Vincent Starrett. 5. "The Green Door," by O. Henry. 6. "The Door," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. 7. "Rain in the Doorway," by Thorne Smith. 8. "The Sire de Maletroit's Door," by Robert Louis Stevenson. 9. "The Lady or the Tiger?," by Frank Stockton. 10. "The Door in the Wall," by H. G. Wells.

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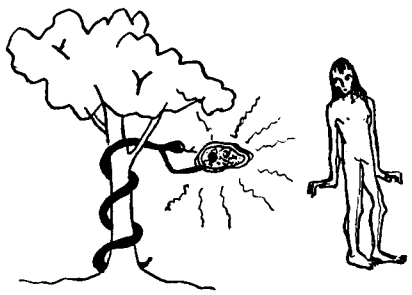

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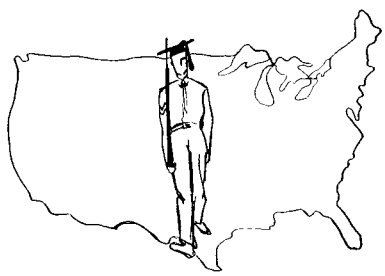

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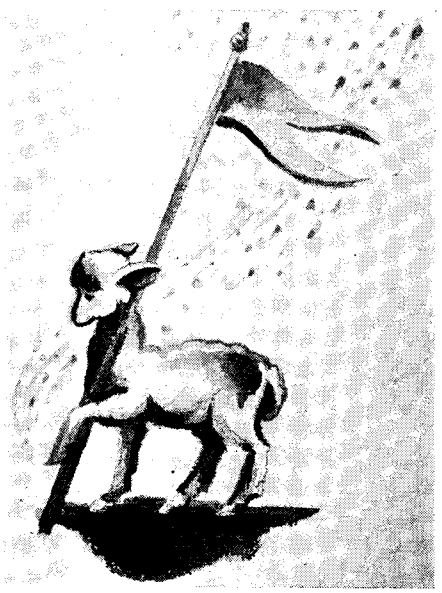
CHRISTMAS 1945

THE first Christmas of peace. To the children, who are not very much concerned with the problems that still beset the world, it is real peace. In many families the circle is again complete, the fathers and brothers and uncles and cousins have returned from war. In many grief for those who will not come back is dignified by the consciousness of sacrifice in a great cause—an emotion that does much for young minds that still turn eagerly to heroes and to heroism. For the children of America it should be a memorable Christmas; memorable in that it should be made for them a festival of enduring things, of things that can be treasured and remembered through all their lives. The spicy scent of Christmas greens, the beauty and dignity of the tableau in the stable in Bethlehem, the sound of the old carols, the security of a family circle, of familiar faces in the light of the Christmas candles—these are the things remembered when more material things are forgotten.

As for the books that are laid under the Christmas tree and the stories that are told and read aloud while it is being made ready—no care is too great, no price too high to pay to make them memorable. The new books in their bright jackets are enticing, but we must not forget the old ones. Let the child who is "nearest and dearest" have the new books, by all means, but give him, too, the Ernest Shepard edition of "The Wind in the Willows." Give him Howard Pyle's "The Wonder Clock" and Frank Stockton's "The Queen's Museum." Give the little children Leslie Brooke's "The Golden Goose" and Margery Bianco's "The Velveteen Rabbit," that lovely Christmas story with illustrations by William Nicholson. Get for him Randolph Caldecott's gay picture books with the jolly huntsmen in their scarlet coats and Miss Mousie in white muslin and a pale blue sash having her tail kissed by "The Frog Who Would A-Wooing Go." The children's memories of this Christmas of 1945 will be interwoven with the gifts that they find, with the things that they see and hear. Ruth Sawyer's Serbian folktale and the story of a long-ago Christmas Crib in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, an English boy's journey across the plains and mountains of India with a dancing bear, Signy's Christmas in a fishing town in Iceland, Christmas night on a field of blue ice in old Bohemia, the School of the Theatre in London during the war years—these give a wide view of the world. But the most important thing, even in the household that is shadowed by loss, is to make this a memorable Christmas for all the children, to make them feel secure and happy, to give all of them who are within our reach a sense of that peace that the angels sang of over Bethlehem.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.



—From "Snow Over Bethlehem"

CHRISTMAS 1755

SNOW OVER BETHLEHEM. By Katherine Milhous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 99 *pp.* $2.

THIS is the story of the Christmas of 1755 in the Moravian settlement in Pennsylvania. Found in old records and diaries, it is told by Katherine Milhous in story form with a little girl, Anna Johanna, as the heroine. The old Bell-House Tower and the little Lamb with the Banner can still be seen in Bethlehem. The Christmas Love Feast is still held there and the Bethlehem children still sing the song of The Morning Star. The trombones still sound their silvery notes from the church tower on the dawn of Christmas Day, as they did of old.

In this almost-true story there have been Indian raids near the little settlement of Nazareth, so the children there are taken in ox-carts to Bethlehem where the log house and fort afford better protection. Anna Johanna goes with the others, firmly clutching her most precious possession —the little carved wooden shepherd that in the old country was a part of the Putzes, or Christmas Crib. As they draw near to the Nursery House in Bethlehem they see that the windows in the lower floor are covered with strong wooden shutters. The children are a little puzzled and perhaps a little frightened by this, so Anna Johanna reminds them that certain rooms were always closed and shuttered in the old country while the Christmas Crib was prepared. This reassures the children, but it leaves the resourceful Anna Johanna with the problem of producing the Christmas Crib when the time comes. And she has nothing for it but the shepherd and one or two other little

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Are you called Father or Pop?
Are you called Mummy or Mom?

WHATEVER THAT YOUNG PERSON CALLS YOU:
SINCE YOU ARE ESPECIALLY FOND OF THAT YOUNG PERSON EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR
WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE THAT YOUNG PERSON ESPECIALLY FOND OF *YOU*
AT LEAST TWELVE TIMES DURING THE COMING YEAR? YOU WOULD?

WELL, READ ON:

YOU MAY not think of yourself as an especially "literary" person.

But there are some books which are a part of you.

These are the books which you once read with whoops (or squeals) of delight when you were a child; and which you have grown up with.

These books form a large portion of the things-you-know; and also, by golly, they are things-you-know which you are proud to let people know that you know.

When somebody casually refers to somebody else as "my man Friday," you think of Robinson Crusoe.

When some convivial neighbor begins to chant of fifteen men who seem to be astride a dead man's chest (*yo-heave-Ho and a bottle of* rum), you think immediately of young Jim Hawkins scared stiff on the *Hispaniola* as the buccaneers chant the song on the way to Treasure Island.

When somebody dismisses another person's action as having been "just so much sour grapes," your mind flits over *Aesop's Fables* and remembers with satisfaction The Fox and the Grapes.

Robinson Crusoe; Treasure Island; Aesop's Fables; Gulliver's Travels and *Alice in Wonderland; Tom Sawyer* and *Andersen's Fairy Tales:*

You may not have read them all. But, if you didn't read some of them when you were young, you are certainly sorry for that fact now—and glad for those you did read.

FOR NOW YOU ARE the parent of a small girl, or of a small boy; or, you lucky stiff, of both. Now you have children, let us say: and you want them to read these books. You want your children to steal Through the Looking-glass into Wonderland with Alice; and, with Alice and the Red Queen, to keep running with all of their might in order to stay in the same place. You want your children to float down the Mississippi on the raft which holds Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer; to visit the giants of Brobdingnag, and the midgets of Lilliput, with Gulliver on his travels; to sneer at old Scrooge 'til he hears the chimes of *A Christmas Carol*. . . .

Yes, there is no doubt that you want your children to own the great works of literature, to own the books which they are to grow up with.

It is important!

BUT THERE IS A POINT of even greater importance, to which we want you to give careful consideration now:

You *must not* give these books to your children in tasteless, badly-illustrated, badly-printed editions.

You want your children to know what good taste is, and to use it in all the things they do as they reach maturity.

TO DO THIS, you have to surround them with tasteful things while they are young. Your home must be tastefully arranged, the furniture must be handsome and well constructed, the pictures on the wall must be good pictures, the dishes out of which they eat their food must be dishes of good shape & design and tastefully decorated.

Similarly, it is important that your children be permitted to read the great works of literature in handsome editions, illustrated and designed with good taste.

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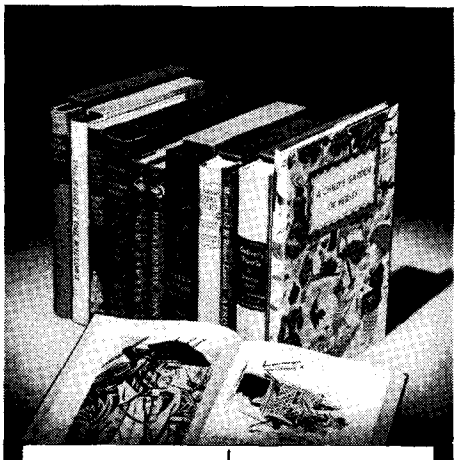

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—From "The Christmas Whale"

figures. It is old Brother Polycarp, the watchman who calls the hours in rhymes of his own making, who helps her.

Anna Johanna is wakened in the early morning by the clear, triumphant notes of the trombones. The very essence of Christmas is in the scene that follows when the children march into the closed room, opened now by a delighted Brother Polycarp, and radiant with the Christmas Crib. There against the pine and hemlock Anna Johanna's shepherd stands with a flock of white sheep made from bits of wool by the Sisters. There are the Christ Child and the Virgin and Joseph, the three Wise Men and the angels. There the little candles are lighted and the children sing their traditional song:

> Point me out the star
> Which my course, afar,
> Guides from pagan
> Ways forsaken.
> Point me out the star.

Katherine Milhous has made some of the loveliest drawings of her career for this Christmas story of early America. The double-page spreads are in color, rich reds and blues and greens with a good deal of white; white snow, white robes for the Sisters, white dresses and caps on the children. The end-papers, white on a Christmasy green, show a map of Bethlehem in 1755. M. G. D.

SANTA'S HELPER

THE CHRISTMAS WHALE. Written and Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 44 *pp.* $1.

THERE have been so many silly pointless stories and pictures about Santa Claus and his reindeer that we approached this one with misgivings. By the third or fourth page we found ourself laughing out loud. This is a really amusing picture book. It gets funnier and funnier as it goes on.

It seems that one year, just before Christmas, the reindeer were smitten with influenza. The picture shows all eight of them lying neatly in eight very elegant beds with red and white counterpanes drawn up to their chins. Obviously they would not be able to draw the sleigh for Santa Claus. Then who would? Much worried, Santa Claus asked all the Arctic dwellers to carry him on his annual journey round the world, but no one of them could. They simply were not equipped for it. Then a cod thought of the Kindly Whale. "Her back is as broad as an iceberg," he said, "she is as strong as the waves in a storm, and she is as fast as the wind. Go ask her." Santa Claus asked the Kindly Whale and the Whale agreed. Everyone helped with the loading of hundreds and thousands of packages, all neatly done up in red paper. Look at the picture where the bears, seals, porpoises, cods, and various other animals are carrying the packages to the beach. Then turn the pages quickly and look at the one where the tugs are pushing and pulling the Kindly Whale into the pier at New York. Anyone who has ever sailed out of or come into New York in a liner knows every detail of that scene. Then follow the gay red maps and see for yourself that Santa Claus and the Kindly Whale remembered every harbor in the whole round world. The Whale was very tired when they got back to the North Pole: "The icy cold waters of the North had never felt so deliciously refreshing." "After all," said Mrs. Santa Claus, "whales are very decorative."

The type is large and clear and the pictures, in black and red, are on every page. Good design and an unfailing humor will make this book just as refreshing to fathers and mothers as it will be pleasing to the children themselves.

M. G. D.

INDIAN FANTASY

BHIMSA, THE DANCING BEAR. By Christine Weston. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 120 *pp.* $2.

THE author of "Indigo" has written a story of India for boys and girls that may puzzle certain adults as to whether it is "true or untrue," but will not puzzle the children at all. We grownups can say that it is a fantasy based on reality—and let it go at that. Grownups often say things the long way.

David is an English boy who played in a garden in India while his "fat old servant, Lal," slept under a tree. Suddenly David heard the sound of a drum and cymbals and saw coming toward him an Indian boy and an enormous brown bear. From this moment on Bhimsa the bear is really the hero of the story. An ingratiating creature, he proves to be a marvelous

—From "Snow Over Bethlehem"

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dancer, a competent guide and a faithful protector. The three of them start off on a journey across the plains to the little village high up in the mountains where the native boy, Gopala, once lived. He and Bhimsa—he tells David—were swept away in a terrific storm that destroyed the village. He has no idea what has become of his people. This journey of the two boys and the dancing bear, like the journey of Kipling's **"Kim,"** unfolds an India realistic and convincing. If the story of the Prince and the shoes is a bit fantastic, its background is authentic—and fascinating.

At the very end of the story, there is one false note. It is a note that forces the story into realism and

—From "Bhimsa, The Dancing Bear"

breaks the harmony of that strange and exciting adventure. Gopala's mother welcomes David and tells him that he may stay as long as he likes in the valley. But she reminds him his mother is worrying about him.

> "I have learned and you have heard," she says, "what it means to miss a son and to believe him lost forever. I cannot bear to think that your mother must miss you in the same way, and think of you as being lost to her. So when you have rested here a while Gopala's father and his oldest brother will guide you back to your own home and your own dear parents."

We doubt if even the most realistic child will approve of this. It brings in a personal, emotional note that does not harmonize with that journey in which Bhimsa is their guide and protector. Much better to leave David happily banging the cymbals while Bhimsa dances.

Roger Duvoisin has made some effective drawings of the plains and jungles and mountains of India. They are printed in brown and green and they show Indian birds and animals—and Bhimsa in many amusing poses.

M. G. D.

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THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

GOLDEN HAIR: THE STORY OF SIGNY'S ICELAND. By Steingrimur Arason. Illustrated by Gertrude Howe. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 223 *pp.* $2.

THE author of "Smokey Bay" tells in this story of modern Iceland of the changes that have come to his native land in his lifetime. The little heroine, Signy Thorvaldsson, comes to Iceland from

—From "Golden Hair"

North Dakota to spend a year with her father's people. As the little steamer bringing her heads into the lovely fjord between the mountains Signy says: "It's like coming home in a dream." But the dream becomes reality when she reaches the great farm at Dal. Through Signy's eager eyes we see the farm and the village, the house with its five gable fronts, like five little houses set in a row, the huge barns, the sturdy little Icelandic ponies, the geyser ovens where the bread is baked, the neat workshops where the scythes are sharpened for the harvest.

Later on in the story Signy learns about the modern Iceland. Sjera Brand and his family move to the fishing village of Strand on the coast. There Signy and Loa learn what it means to get on with all sorts and kinds of people. They see the rescue of the men from the Royal Air Force. They play their small part in the forging of a new order. It is Sjera Brand who sees the future and leads the people of Strand toward democracy. There are some exciting times before the old order gives way to the new. The story ends on Christmas Eve. After trouble and misunderstanding, peace has come to Strand.

This is a good story for the whole family to read together during the holidays. M. G. D.

A STORY OF FAITH

ROCK CRYSTAL: A CHRISTMAS TALE. By Adalbert Stifter. Rendered into English by Elizabeth Meyer and Marianne Moore. Illustrated by Josef Scharl. New York: Pantheon Books. 1945. 94 *pp.* $2.75.

THIS story of two children who were lost on the glacier of a mountain in Bohemia on Christmas Eve was written one hundred years ago. It is presented now in a poetical and satisfying translation with pictures by Josef Scharl, who illustrated the Pantheon Grimm last year. Beautifully designed and printed, it is enclosed in a blue box sprinkled with silver stars.

There is a haunting beauty, an old-world dignity in the story, in the fortitude of the children, in the strange, cold world of glacier and ice-field where they spent the night of the Christ Child's birth. The little brother and sister are strong and sturdy, but they are not especially gifted children. They have been to a neighboring village to see their grandmother and are going home across the col to their own valley. Then the snow comes, thick and white and blinding, and they lose their way. They do not, however, lose their faith. Conrad, the boy, sees the necessity of guiding and encouraging his sister. She feels the utmost confidence in him.

It is the black coffee extract that the grandmother had given them to take home to their mother that saves them. Conrad knows that if they sleep they will freeze. He drinks the bitter stuff and persuades Sanna to drink it. Then they sat and watched the stars. They did not sleep. When morning came at last, they were not discouraged. Together they set out to find the path to the village. They were very tired and their limbs were stiff with the cold. At last Conrad saw the red flag of the rescue party. They heard the sound of the horn, calling them. Josef Scharl has drawn a particularly lovely picture of the mother clasping Conrad and Sanna in her arms. The lines of her body and of Sanna's hands have the same dignity and integrity that are inherent in the story.

This is not an "everyday" book. It is, and should always be, a very special one. Its value is timeless. So is its format and illustration. In its translators it has been most fortunate. M. G. D.

MAGIC = SENSE

THE PLAIN PRINCESS. By Phyllis McGinley. With Pictures by Helen Stone. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 64 *pp.* $1.50.

THERE were no two ways about it. The Princess Esmeralda was plain. Her nose turned up where it should turn down and her mouth turned down where it should turn up. Her golden hair was beautiful and her skin exquisite — the Court ladies and the Court physicians saw to that; but her eyes had no Glow. She was definitely *plain*. Prince Charles Michael, who was destined to be her husband, preferred the duck-keeper's daughter. "She has," he explained, "a mouth turned prettily up and a nose charmingly tilted down and her eyes have the merriest twinkle in the world." It was a sad situation.

Then the King put an advertisement in all the newspapers. He offered a reward of a purse of gold to anyone who could transform "a Plain Young Lady into a Beautiful Young Lady." There was a string attached to it, however. Anyone who tried and failed would Lose his Head. Because of this, few people tried. Then Dame Goodwit appeared at the Castle. How, in three months' time, she and her five daughters (all of them beautiful with noses that turned down and mouths that

Drawing by Helen Stone.
—From "The Plain Princess" by Phyllis McGinley. J. B. Lippincott

turned up) changed Esmeralda from a spoiled and bad-tempered and plain little Princess into a sensible and beautiful one is a delightful story. There is magic in it; but Dame Good-

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wit's magic, when it is analyzed is, after all, just plain commonsense.

Helen Stone and the designers have made the story into an exquisite little book. The drawings are so well reproduced that she might have painted them in water-color right on the pages. This will make a charming Christmas present for almost any little girl. It will also make a perfect Valentine. M. G. D.

TALE OF A TRAIN

THE ENGINE THAT LOST ITS WHISTLE. Story and Pictures by Genevieve Cross. New York: Cross Publications. 1945. 26 *pp.* $1.

THIS is a picture book that tells a true story. It is the story of the Fruit Train that ran from South Haven, Michigan, to Toledo, Ohio, beginning in 1877. The pictures in full color show the little train dashing up hill and down dale through the Michigan gardens and orchards. The engine develops trouble and the ambitious little switch engine that lived in the Round House had to come and help it out. There is nothing particularly original about the story, but the pictures have vitality and humor and they are very well reproduced. The type-page is less pleasing. It is the sort of type that lead the children to say: "They are trying to make it easy for us." The perennial popularity of books like Wanda Gag's "Millions of Cats" has convinced this reviewer that children like their type to harmonize with the pictures. These gay, continually moving drawings need a clear, plain, conventional type—not a script. It is, however, a very American picture book that the children of other countries would like to see.

M. G. D.

GYPSY BOY

THIS IS THE CHRISTMAS: A SERBIAN FOLKTALE. By Ruth Sawyer. Boston: The Horn Book. 1945. 41 *pp.* $1.50.

This is the Christmas.
To Mary most blessed
Jesus, the Saviour, is born.
These are the angels—
Singing through Heaven,
All curses forgiven this morn.
These are the shepherds.
They seek for the Stranger,
They kneel at the manger to pray.
And I—a blind shepherd—
Give prayer to the Big King,
Give song to the Small King this day.

THE blind gypsy boy, Marko, made this song for the Christ Child when he worshipped Him in a stable in Serbia on Christmas Eve. Because Marko was a gypsy the people and the village priest would not let him worship in the church. "No Cigani may enter," they said. Marko longed to sing with the others, to play his flute in honor of the Small King. So he knelt in Father Janovic's stable while others worshipped in the church with only a ewe for company, a ewe whose broken leg he had mended and bound to her side. Then he had carried her on his shoulders to the shelter of the stable. As he knelt, Marko prayed for a sponsor—someone to speak for him to the priest and to the people of the valley who shunned him. And the Christ came and knelt beside him.

When the people poured out of the church there was a great light over Father Janovic's stable. When they reached the door they could see the three kneeling there—the wounded ewe, Marko the gypsy boy, and the Christ.

This is a Serbian legend, beautifully told by Ruth Sawyer who has recorded and told so many good stories. It is a small book, very well designed and printed. At this particular Christmas, it is just the story to read aloud while the children wait for the lighting of the Christmas tree.

M. G. D.

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TCHAIKOVSKY

Translated from the Russian and Annotated by
Wladimir Lakond

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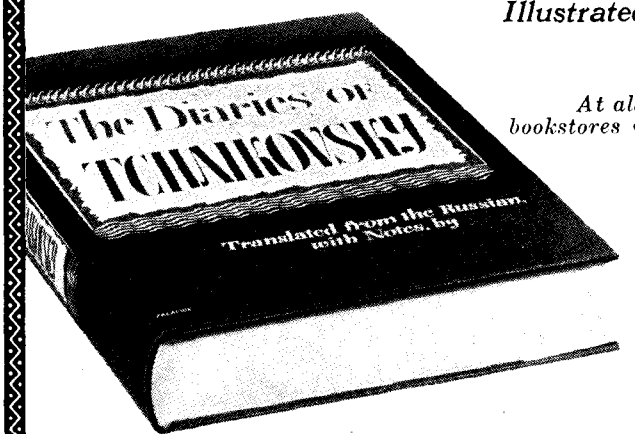

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the Phoenix Nest

SCAMELS—AND ASTERISKS—IN BOSTON

. . . and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock.

Mysterious scamel!
Art shell-fish, feathered friend, or mammal?
God knows—but I, poor human,
Do not. (This slight disparity
Between Omniscience and Me
Is, I daresay, uncommon.)

King Ludwig of Bohemia
Called on my Aunt Euphemia
With purpose to cajole
By diplomatic suavity
Her jealous-guarded recipe
For *Scamels camisole.*

This noble dish, let me observe,
Had lent a gustatory verve
To our ancestral dinners
E'er since with keen and Christian blade
Our founder, in the First Crusade,
Made hash of Moslem sinners.

Ludwig intoned a charming line
Of applesauce. This aunt of mine
Was woman. Though long habit
Impelled her soul to watch and ward,
Back Bay *noblesse* may lower its guard:
A king's almost a Cabot.

"Procure one dozen masculine
Scamels. Gourmets prefer them in
The adolescent state.
Remove the integuments." (Here he
Swallowed his larynx nervously.)
"Cleanse well. Eviscerate."

His Phi Bete key was honorary,
Poor chap. His pocket dictionary
He thumbs. Icily prim
My aunt perceives the vile import:
This king is looking for a short—
A vulgar—synonym.

The frigid butler shunts the vermin
Doorward. "Your crown, m'lord. Your ermine.
Out, spot!" In cramped frustration
With frantic steps doth Ludwig pass
From Beacon Hill to Brookline, Mass.,
Seeking a c*mf*rt st*t**n.

O God, O Harvard! what a dither!
My aunt? The secret perished with her
In euphemized decorum.
Let kings and scamels go cahoots,
One Boston lady constitutes
A lot of quorum.

E. O. JAMES

THE only scamel I have been able to find is the bar-tailed godwit (God wot!) but that has either two ells or two ems in its name. *It* is a feathered friend. At least, I hope so!

* * *

An unfeathered, but real, friend is Frank Moreland Warner (now father and son—and here's *towards* you and to Annie!), who, if I remember aright, is speaking of folksongs, and is well-known as a top Y.M.C.A. official. Born in Selma, Alabama, he grew up in No'th Ca'lina, and was educated at Duke. He is a ranking authority on American folk-music and accompanies himself in song on a strange and interesting banjo made from a keg-hoop and other materials found around the cabin of a mountaineer friend. He has a library of over a thousand songs of the American soil which he recorded himself from the untutored voices of his mountain friends, and on farms, and in fishing villages. And he wants to know whether hundreds—maybe thousands—of *SRL* readers may not be carrying in their minds songs traditional in their families that are real folklore, and that they would be glad to

have preserved for posterity in a permanent collection. For Frank is getting up such a new collection now, and his address is 144 West 12th Street, New York, and if you have something of real interest he'd like to know about it.

* * *

Francis Hyde Bangs writes me from the Gunnery School at Washington, Connecticut, and sends me—apropos of reference lists of the Hundred Best Books—the following verses written, half a century ago, by the young John Kendrick Bangs, his father, for the comic periodical *Life*, at a time when he was associate editor thereof. "These lines reflect the controversy going on in the eighties over Sir Walter Besant's selection of The Hundred Best Books." They appeared in *Life* in 1888:

THE BEST HUNDRED BOOKS

Plutarch's Lives, Motley's Dutch—
Both are free from libel's touch;
Odes of Horace, Homer's Iliad
Pilgrim's Progress, Balm of Gilead;
Julius Caesar's Commentaries,
Grimm and Andersen on Fairies;
Gibbon, Milton, Irving, Burns—
Prose and poetry by turns;
Shakespeare — with him must be taken,
Too, the works of Francis Bacon.
Old Dean Swift and modest Noll,
Arabian Nights in a single vol.;
La Rochefoucauld and Pascal's Thoughts.
For law in brief, Biglow on Torts;
Junius' letters, Hudibras;
Mrs. Caudle, too, will pass.
Pepys and Evelyn, Southey's Doctor,
Hoyle on Games, and Whist by Proctor;
Aristotle—be it known
All alien works are found in Bohn.
Vathek, Balzac, Thomas Browne,
Leigh Hunt's Letters on the Town;
Leaves from Highlands by the Queen,
Old Confucius, Verdant Green.
Aeschylus, Mahaffy, Taine,
Browning, Stone, John Howard Payne;
Don Quixote, Epictetus,
Jones on Spinal Meningitis.
Boswell's Johnson, and Spectator,
Tatler, too, its honored pater;
Of Two Cities read the Tale,
Over Fagin linger pale.
Charles O'Malley, Cooper's Spy,
From Jeremy Taylor learn to die;
Newcomes, Philip and Pendennis,
Richard Sears' Hand-book of Tennis.
Mr. Ruskin, too, on Venice.
Izaak Walton, Humphry Clinker,
Emerson, the lofty thinker;
Mill on Liberty, and the Floss,
Firdusi, by Edmund Gosse.
Elia's Essays, Aesop's Fable,
Dr. Holmes' At Breakfast Table;
Jeremy Diddler, Miller—Joe,
Howells, Terence, Hawthorne, Poe.
All the works of J. J. Rousseau,
Daniel de Foe's Robinson Crusoe;
Obiter Dicta, two by Birrell,
Charming critic and a virile.
Victor Hugo, Thomas Jones,
Monte Cristo, Prime on Stones;
Cicero and Savage Landor,
T. Carlyle, oppressed by candor.
Bancroft, Darwin—full of mystery,
Martha Lamb for sweetened history;
Dr. Jekyll, Bulwer, Scott—
Any one, it matters not.
Religious thoughts from Dr. Paley.
Freaks of Letters by D'Israeli;
Andrew Lang's Essays on Myth,
Up Mt. Blanc, by Albert Smith;
Byron, Tennyson, Samuel Clemens,
Sparkling wit of old Mark Lemon's.
If these hundred fail to suit,
Erase the bad and substitute.

WILLIAM ROSE BENET

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 610)

HEYWOOD BROUN:
IT SEEMS TO ME

The question may be asked, "After we have shot Santa Claus what can we put in his place?" . . . How about just centering the spirit of the day around the factor of universal fellowship? Not one Santa Claus, but a hundred million!

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE and few illusions has wagered heavily that nothing of real interest can emerge from this column. Not easily intrigued, she is nevertheless willing to lose her wager. Box 671-M.

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

If you find mention in this column of a word used in the DC of the same issue it is not intentional. I'm thinking of that odd-come-short recently, although the definition I gave in the DC did not correspond with the one as used by Rebecca West in her article. I send a batch of DC's to our expert copyreader and, except for DC's for special numbers, I let her decide the order of appearance. Then I sometimes upset that arrangement, as I did this week, by sending her another batch, this time poetry, to intersperse with the prose DC's as she thinks best. Thus I am not always aware what column is going to go with which DC.

By the way, Frank Place, Cortland, N.Y., contributes to our connotation of odd-come-short by this quotation from "Why Brother Bull Growls" in "Uncle Remus and His Friends": "What he done en how he done it, I'll tell you some er deze odd-come-shorts when I ain't got time fer ter be ez busy ez I'll hatter be."

We are proud to number among our distinguished DCers Hugh MacLennan and his wife, who writes under the name of Dorothy Duncan. H. MacL.'s latest novel, "Two Solitudes," was accorded general acclaim.

Commenting on my statement about the uncertainty of mythological references, Sherwood J. Larned, Saugerties, N.Y., was reminded of the preface in his 1858 copy (still in good use) of William Smith's "Classical Dictionary," which runs as follows: "In writing the Mythological articles care has been taken to avoid, as far as possible, all indelicate allusions, as the work will probably be much in the hands of young persons." "That's quite a restriction when dealing with the peccadilloes of the old Greek gods and goddesses," adds Mr. Larned.

John A. Gilbert, Pasadena, in thanking us for the blessing of DC's in a sanitarium where he has been for the past three years, was somewhat surprised lately by the receipt of a C.O.D. package for about $12. As his bookseller took so long in getting a copy of Series No. 17 for him, Mr. Gilbert suggested that he try to secure some previous to that. The bookseller thought that most of them were out of print, but upon inquiry he discovered otherwise. Hence the bill! And yet Mr. G. is eagerly awaiting No. 18. So am I, and it is promised for Christmas! W. K. Palmer, Sterling, Ill., Julia Fyshe, Montreal, are among others tried by the delay.

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 611

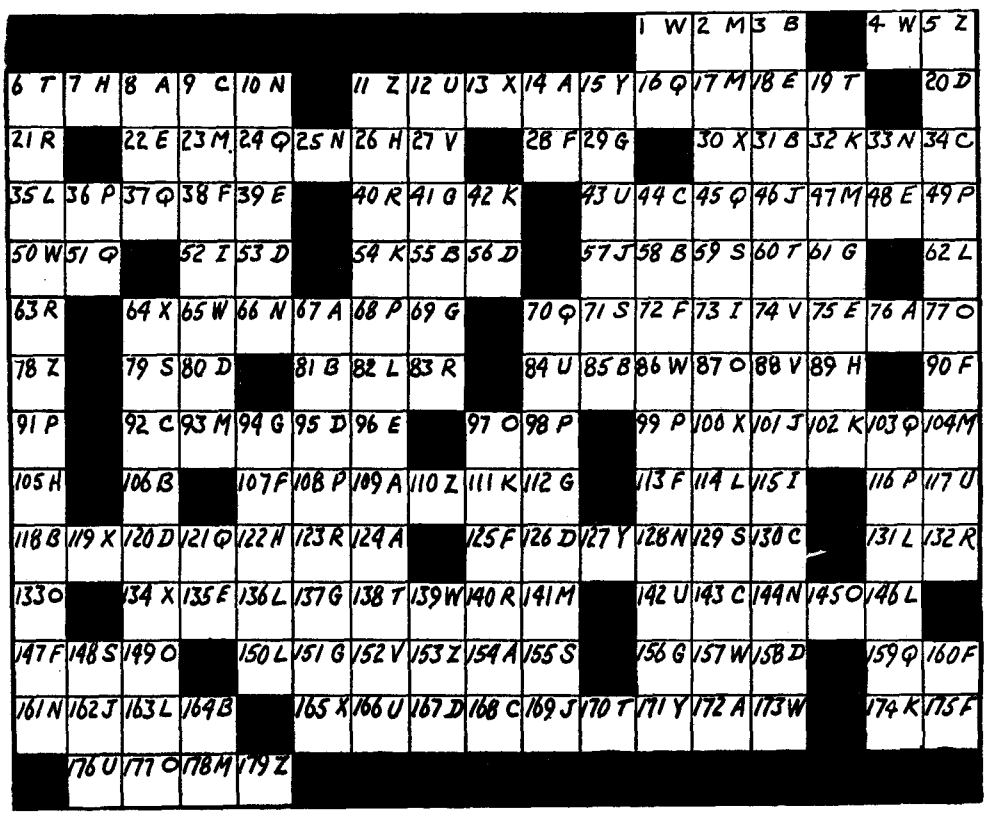
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guests twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down, the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 44 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American sculptor (1883-; Woodrow Wilson: Pershing; Will Rogers, etc.)	14 8 172 76 124 109 67 154
B. Dieback.	164 85 106 118 81 55 3 31 58
C. Hero of a sentimental romance by Goethe.	92 143 9 34 130 168 44
D. Famous Parisian chef (1847?-1935).	56 80 95 20 53 167 120 158 126
E. Semi-solid, cheeselike fermented preparation eaten in the Levant.	9 18 22 96 135 48 75
F. Dispersing in parting.	107 90 147 113 72 125 28 160 175 38
G. Traitor who guided Persians to rear of Greeks at Thermopylae.	112 137 41 94 151 69 156 61 29
H. Mongrel dogs (Slang).	7 122 89 26 105
I. The grampus or a supposedly similar sea animal.	52 115 73
J. African cat that furnishes perfume for commerce.	169 162 57 101 46
K. Fissured (Zool.).	111 174 32 102 54 42
L. Having a hollow sound.	131 150 136 82 62 163 114 35 146
M. Breed of medium-sized white swine from England.	178 2 47 141 93 17 23 104
N. Laughs loudly and scornfully (Comp.).	10 33 25 66 144 128 161
O. Resembling sand.	177 149 87 145 77 97 133
P. Of or pertaining to death.	91 108 116 36 68 98 49 99
Q. Teething.	159 70 121 16 37 103 45 24 51
R. Really; in fact (Fr.; 2 wds.).	83 132 123 63 21 140 40
S. Bilingual.	71 79 155 59 148 129
T. So long or so far that.	60 19 170 6 138
U. Take place (2 wds.).	43 12 142 84 117 176 166
V. Tau cross with a loop at the top (Egypt. Archaeol.).	74 88 152 27
W. Hellish.	86 50 4 157 173 1 139 65
X. Extra leaves or the like, placed within a book, etc.	30 13 134 165 100 119 64
Y. Muttonbird of New Zealand.	127 171 15
Z. A mono acid (HNO^2).	78 110 179 5 153 11



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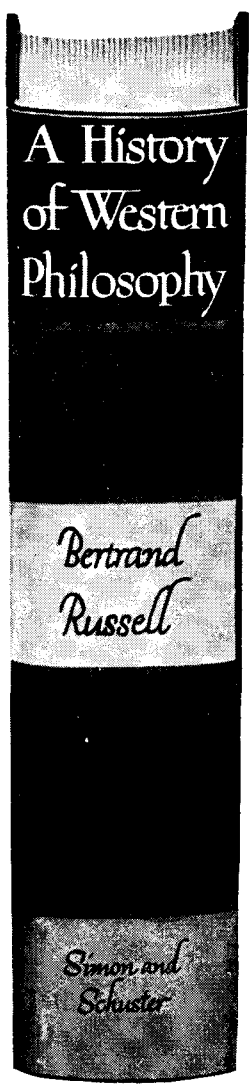

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